

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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BRIEF INDEX:—Reviews: Anderson's Mission to Sumatra, 177; Mr. Blount's MSS., 180; A Third Letter from Malachi Malagrowther, Esq., on the proposed Change of the Currency, 181; The St. James's Royal Magazine, 182; Carne's Letters from the East, 183; Williams's Tour through the Island of Jamaica, 185; The Juvenile Magazine, 186—Original: Lord Byron's Voyage to the Sandwich Islands, 186; Military Punishments, 188.—Original Poetry: Gormire Lake, Yorkshire, 189; The Bacchanal's Address to his Wine-Cup, 189—Fine Arts: The Society of British Artists' Third Exhibition, 189; The King of Wintemberg's Villa, 190; National Gallery—Improvements in the Metropolis, 190; The Princess Charlotte's Cenotaph, 191.—Literature and Science, 191—The Bee, 192.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Mission to the East Coast of Sumatra, in 1822, under the direction of the Government of Prince of Wales Island; Including Historical and Descriptive Sketches of the Country, an Account of the Commerce, Population, and the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants, and a Visit to the Batta Cannibal States in the Interior. By JOHN ANDERSON, Esq. 8vo. pp. 424. Edinburgh, Blackwood; Cadell, London, 1826.

IN an empire so extensive as that of Great Britain, which has its ramifications in every quarter of the globe, and which has been for ages constantly augmented either by conquest, treaty, or colonization, it cannot excite surprise if some of the most distant portions of it are but imperfectly known. If this is the case, (and no person will deny it,) with countries which own our sway, and are subject to our uninterrupted investigation, how much more natural is it that other countries, jealous of our encroachment and their own independence, should remain comparatively unknown to us—we do not mean in their external geography, but so far as relates to their internal economy. Such may be said to have been the case with the island of Sumatra in the Indian ocean, an island nearly twice the size of Great Britain itself, and which, from its fertility and its contiguity to our East India possessions, is of singular importance. It was observed, forty years ago, by Mr. Marsden, the historian of Sumatra, that it was less known in its interior parts than the most remote island of modern discovery, and the same remark applied to the eastern coast until Mr. Anderson had explored it, notwithstanding the missions of Capt. Scott in 1806, of Mr. Garland in 1807, and Capt. Lynch in 1808; of Colonel Farquhar in 1818, and that in 1820, under the charge of Mr. Ibbetson and Captain Crooke,—the latter of which failed in consequence of the indisposition of Mr. Ibbetson; and the others from not being directed to the immediate object, were productive of very little information respecting Sumatra. A mission despatched in 1822, under the directions of Lieutenants Rose and Morsey, of the Bombay marines, in order to make a survey of the east coast, has materially added to our knowledge of its navigation, but the only parts they visited were Delli, Battubara, and a place called Banca in the Reccan. The inquiries thus made, and the information they led to, imperfect as it was, rendered the government anxious to become better acquainted with a country which is rich in the choicest productions of nature, and which may ultimately lead to new sources of wealth and commerce.

These circumstances induced Mr. Anderson, then agent to the government of Prince of Wales Island, to volunteer his services in a new mission to Sumatra, for which his intercourse with many of the natives from that coast, who resorted to Pinang for commercial purposes, and his knowledge of the Malay language, peculiarly qualified him.

The instructions for the guidance of Mr. Anderson embodied most of the information already known, and left much to his own discretion; his mission was to be considered as purely commercial, and besides seeing and learning all he could as to the agriculture, manufacture, commerce, &c. of the country, he was directed to assure the chiefs of all the states of the anxious desire of his government to cultivate the most cordial relations with them; and to prevent them from entering into any political engagements with the Dutch, by pointing out the different course of action which has always been pursued towards them by the British and Netherlands authorities.

This laborious task Mr. Anderson executed with skill and fidelity, and his narrative of his mission is at once modest, intelligible, and interesting, while the information it contains cannot but prove highly valuable.

Mr. Anderson sailed from Pinang on the 9th of January, 1823; in the *Jessy*, brig of seventy-five guns, accompanied by sixty-three persons, including his clerk, a Chinese draughtsman, the captain, pilot, crew, and fourteen picked men from the 20th Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry. The *Jessy* was a sort of Noah's ark, from the mixture of its inmates, or Tower of Babel, from the confusion of tongues—there being twenty distinct races on board, and, with the exception of the sepoys, scarcely two were known to each other. The captain of the *Jessy* was so unskilful, and the navigation of the coast so little known, that it was with difficulty they reached the Delli river, which they did on the 14th of January. As there was war between the Sultan of Delli and some of the chiefs in the interior, Mr. Anderson determined to endeavour to reconcile them; with this view he left the brig on the 16th, and proceeded up the river, and afterwards by land, to the sultan's camp: in his progress he says:—

'In all the villages through which we passed, the absence of almost all the males, and the superabundance of women, gave but too plain indications of the war that was raging in the country; and we saw a poor wretch who had been wounded, brought into his family from the field of battle. Several of these unfortunate persons had received dangerous gun-shot wounds. The balls which

they use inflict a most severe wound, being made of tin, with pieces of broken plate inside, the sharp points of which generally project, so that it is extremely difficult to extract them. The most common wounds, however, were from the ranjau, sharp pointed splinters of bamboos, which were stuck in all the pathways around the enemy's fortifications. The inhabitants, wherever I passed, were hospitable, and expressed their belief that my arrival would tend to restore peace and tranquillity to the country. As I passed their houses, they presented me with cocoanuts, called here *kalamber*. Each house has its cocoa-nut plantation, which is a principal article of subsistence in this quarter, as in most Malayan countries. The houses are pleasantly situated on the banks of the river generally; their bathing-houses are built over the stream, and they have a picturesque and pleasing effect. The houses are large, commodious, and substantially built, with large square posts, raised from the ground about six or seven feet; these posts supported upon large square stones or blocks of wood. The sides are generally plank, and the roofs covered with the leaf of the nipah or sirdang. They have all windows in the roof, which render them extremely cool and comfortable; and from these the women, who are naturally timid there, look at the strangers passing. Under each house there are two large round baskets, made of split bamboos, the bark of large trees, in which the paddy and pepper are deposited. These villages were well provided with poultry, goats, &c. and everywhere exhibited the pleasing appearances of comfort and abundance. The water is carried from the river by the women in long bamboos, which are large, and of which there is a great variety, each house having a clump or two in the *Kampong*, which gives them a very picturesque aspect.'

Some idea of the inconvenience of travelling may be formed when we state that Mr. Anderson and his party had to walk in mud and water, nearly up to the middle; their legs and bodies were covered with small leeches, and after washing the blood from their legs, the best place Mr. Anderson could find to dress himself for an audience with the sultan was in a patch of long lallang grass. Mr. A. says:—

'On coming within two hundred yards of the sultan's fort, I halted and saluted him with a discharge of five rounds of musketry from the whole party of soldiers, which was returned with swivels and blunderbusses, about treble the number. The sultan was ready to receive us, surrounded by all his chiefs and warriors, in a small hut, stockaded all round with trunks of trees fixed into the

ground, of which there was a treble row. His encampment consisted of eight kubus or forts, at the distance of fifty and a hundred yards all round, close to the banks of the river on each side. A temporary bridge was thrown across the stream, (which is about fifty yards wide, and the banks of which are about fifteen feet in height,) extremely rapid and deep in some places, and the water as clear as crystal. The sultan, a respectable looking old man, had made all the preparations he could in this wretched place for our reception, and met me at the entrance of his fort, conducting me into his place of audience, a miserable hovel, when the letter was received with due honour. The sultan evinced considerable anxiety on opening the letter; but when the contents were explained to him, a ray of joy illumined his countenance, and he expressed his anxiety to encourage, by every means in his power, the resort of traders to his country. He proceeded to give me a detail of the causes of the present disturbances in the country; and I proposed communicating with the enemy, who was encamped in five small forts within musket shot, on the opposite side of the river. After a conference with the sultan, which lasted about an hour, I retired to a kubu which had been prepared for my accommodation, much fatigued after my journey. This hut was about thirty feet long, by twenty wide, and only seven and a half in height; and here my whole party took up their quarters for the night. I had not been there many minutes before a large party of the principal chiefs came in, and kept me in conversation till late in the evening.

The sultan's army consisted of four hundred men, one third composed of such savages as Mr. Anderson describes in the following extract:—

'Great numbers of the Battas who were employed by the sultan as soldiers, came to visit me to-day; amongst the rest, one of a particularly ferocious and determined appearance, distinguished amongst his companions for his extraordinary courage, and also as an expert marksman with the matchlock. He was a native of Seantar in the interior, and he told me he had partaken of human flesh seven times. He mentioned this in the course of conversation, and of his own accord. He even specified the particular parts of the body which were esteemed the most delicate. With the sword which he held in his hand, he said he had despatched four men, of whom he had eaten. He was completely equipped for battle, having upon his person a priming horn, cartouch box, cartridges, a matchlock of Menangkabau manufacture, a shield, and a spear, besides a case of ranjaus or sharp slips of bamboos slung over his shoulder. He was dressed in a bajoo of blue cloth, Achenese serwal or trowsers, a tangulu kapala, or handkerchief for the head, and a small mat-bag slung across the other shoulder, containing his flint, steel, seree, betel-nut, and tobacco.

'One or two Battas who came from a place called Tongking, also mentioned their having partaken of human flesh repeatedly, and expressed their anxiety to enjoy a similar

feast upon some of the enemy, pointing to the other side of the river. This they said was their principal inducement for engaging in the service of the sultan. Another displayed, with signs of particular pride and satisfaction, a kris, with which he said he had killed the seducer of his wife, and whose head he had severed from his body, holding it by the hair, and drinking the blood as it yet ran warm from the veins. He pointed to a spot of blood on the kris, which he requested me to remark, which he said was the blood of his victim, and which he put to his nose, smelling it with a zest difficult to describe, and his features assuming at the same time a ferocity of expression which would not have been very agreeable, had not my safety been guaranteed by my watchful sepoy guard.'

The country of barbarians like these, is, however, rich in the beauties of nature, which Mr. Anderson describes in glowing colours, and even says it called to his mind Milton's sublime description of the creation.

'The trees along the banks of the river were actually covered with monkeys—black, brown, and grey. The birds too swarmed upon the branches, some of exceedingly rich and varied plumage and melodious notes. We observed numerous tracks of the elephant and rhinoceros on the sides of the river. The natives do not understand the method of catching these animals. The sultan begged I would endeavour to persuade some of the Queda people, who had been accustomed to catch elephants, to go over to Delli, where there is no doubt that an immense quantity of ivory might be collected.

'The Delli people are very delicate in respect to their women. As we approached the bathing-houses on the banks of the river, the man at the stem of the canoe called out with a Stentorian voice, "boah," which was a signal for the females, if there were any near the river, to move off. The sugar-cane was growing luxuriantly in many places we passed, particularly at Mabur Bajuntei, Nokeda Seju's residence, about half-way up. This is a well cultivated spot, covered with large plantations of plantains. Here there is a very remarkable old tree, like an umbrella, the top being broken, and the whole tree decayed except a branch, which shoots out near the top, and overspreads the trunk. My draughtsman took a sketch of this extraordinary old tree. At this place formerly resided Rajah Mabur, one of the sultan's ancestors, of celebrated memory. There is a remarkable plant, with a large broad leaf, called sukkat, or salimbar, which grows on the stem and branches of large trees, used for packing tobacco in, to keep it soft and moist. It grows in abundance. Nature indeed seems bountifully to have supplied this country with every necessary tree and herb, without the labour and trouble of cultivation. The bubua, a tree somewhat resembling the teak, with large leaves, and prickly stem, is found in plenty, and used chiefly as posts for the construction of their houses. Of the daun ibas, a leaf resembling the nipah, the natives make baskets, mats, &c.; while several species of rattans are

found in plenty, and furnish them with ropes, &c. for their boats, mats, baskets, &c.

'Descending the river, we passed numerous small kampongs, and two small greja, or churches, where there was a large concourse of children reciting the koran. Other parties were amusing themselves in the other houses, some playing upon the violin, others beating the gong and drum, singing, &c.; and the inhabitants seemed altogether more settled and comfortable than when I passed a few days ago, in consequence, no doubt, of the suspension of hostilities which took place. In the morning, one of the king's men was reciting with a loud voice, in a circle of about two hundred people, from a book containing the history of the exploits of Alexander the Great, translated from the Arabic, which was intended to impress the sultan's warriors with heroic notions, and excite their courage and emulation.'

Of the old tree Mr. Anderson gives an engraving, and it is certainly a curiosity—such an one as the late Mrs. Allanson, of Studly Park, would have prized more than all that surrounded it for several miles distant. In the progress of Mr. Anderson he met with an eccentric old woman, of whom he gives the following amusing description:—

'We were accompanied on our return by the female Mata Mata, Che Laut, a most extraordinary and excentric old woman, and more like a man in her habits. She is a most intelligent old creature, and gave me a vast deal of interesting information relative to the country, and the different places along the coast, most of which she had visited. She applied for a Malay Testament, (of which I had several for distribution,) which I gave to her, and she expressed her intention of studying it. She speaks a little Chinese, Siamese, Chuliahs, and Bengally, and once took a trip to Acheen, purposely to learn the language. She is fond of travelling, and has a great desire to see different countries. She is a poet and historian; and as she sat in the boat, composed extempore verses with astonishing fluency on any given subject, as fast as I could write them down. She knows the name of every river, and almost every chief, from Palembang on the east coast, to Soosoo on the west coast of Sumatra. She dyes, weaves, and embroiders. Her memory is astonishingly retentive; and she answers questions on almost any subject with wonderful fluency. She is in fact a prodigy of learning; but she has no beauty to boast of, being a prototype of the hag in Guy Mannering. She is tall and thin, with long hanging ears, and holes nearly the circumference of a Spanish dollar. She is usually dressed in a long scarlet silk bajoo, with a pair of long trowsers, and a tartan sarong or petticoat over them reaching to the knee, with a salindang or scarf of cotton, dyed by herself, a green body with red ends, which she throws gracefully over her shoulders when she goes out. She returned home in the evening.'

Mr. Anderson describes the natural production, capacities, and trade of the country, and gives us the following interesting particulars:—

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Soonghal is a pretty looking place, situated on high banks, in some places thirty feet high. An exchange of salutes took place; and I gave the Orang Kaya and his sons some pieces of cloth as presents. He sent me the head of a calf which had just been killed, and the dried flesh of deer. The principal inhabitants of this place are Battas, a very dark ill-looking race. They wear bracelets of gold, silver, and copper on their arms, and rings on their fingers and toes. There is a very large population of Battas in this quarter, who cultivate pepper. They have no religion at all. Very few are converted to the Mahometan faith. They are exceedingly filthy about their houses; the one which we occupied being filled above and below with bones, skulls of buffaloes, and some large monkeys, having so great a resemblance to human bones, as to excite not the most pleasurable ideas, and a suspicion in the minds of my people, that we had got into the country of the cannibals.

The houses at Soonghal are large and commodious. The sides, or panels, are curiously made with planks four feet high, lashed together with the Iju cord, neatly worked, projecting inwards below, and outwards above. There is a large centre room the whole length of the house; a verandah on one side depressed about a foot; and on the other side, level with the large room, a row of small cabins, about four feet wide by six feet long. I have remarked before, that the girls at Bululu Chino have little or no clothing; but at Soonghal they are dressed. It is strange, that in so short a distance there should be such a marked difference in manners, the Malays being so very indelicate, and the Battas so much the reverse. With all their boasted delicacy, however, at Soonghal, I observed some men and women passing across the river without any clothing at all. They are obliged to wade across the river, the stream being too wide and rapid to admit of a bridge, which would be carried away by the heavy floods.

As we are on the subject of Battas, who, though cannibals, affect to be so delicate, we shall quote some particulars respecting them, which the author gives in other parts of his very interesting volume:—

There are four principal Batta states, (the rajahs of which are the most powerful,) with which there is a communication from Delli; Seantar, the first, is the interior of Padang; Tanah Jawa, five days' journey from Delli, Silow in the interior of Bedagai, three days' journey from the borders of the territory of Delli; Sebaya Linga, six days' journey from Delli. From Seantar come wax, ivory, cotton, pulse, tobacco, slaves, and horses. From Tanah Jawa and Silow, gold, wax, ivory, cotton, tobacco, and slaves. From Sebaya Linga, pepper, gambir, horses, wax, and ivory.

Writing.—On the subject of writing, there has been a difference of opinion between two very eminent men. Mr. Marsden asserting that the Batta character is written from left to right, and Dr. Leyden, from the bottom to top, in a manner directly opposite to the Chinese, I took the trouble of ascertaining

this point particularly. A Karau Karau Batta wrote in my presence from left to right upon paper with a pen; and the great cannibal rajah of Munto Panei wrote upon a joint of bamboo with a knife from bottom to top; so that both authors are correct. Specimens are attached.

Slaves.—One and the chief cause of slaves being very numerous a few years ago, was the scarcity of rice in the Batta country, when the poor people brought down their children for sale. Slaves are now scarcely procurable on any terms in the interior of Delli, since the cultivation of pepper commenced to such an extent, the Battas having become rich and independent, and not requiring to sell their children for subsistence, or a more unworthy purpose, the gratification of their favourite propensities—gambling and opium smoking. Such are the blessed consequences of industry, cultivation, and commerce. There is no doubt, that as cultivation advances throughout that coast, so will civilization; and in the course of not many years, perhaps, that abominable traffic in the human species, which existed to such a dreadful extent in former years, and still does prevail considerably at some of the less civilized states, will cease. It cannot be denied, however, that the existence of slavery in this quarter, in former years, was of immense advantage in procuring a female population for Pinang. From Assahan alone, there used to be sometimes three hundred slaves, principally females, exported to Malacca and Pinang in a year. The women get comfortably settled as the wives of opulent Chinese merchants, and live in the greatest comfort. Their families attach these men to the soil; and many never think of returning to their native country. The female population of Pinang is still far from being upon a par with the male; and the abolition therefore of slavery, has been a vast sacrifice to philanthropy and humanity. As the condition of the slaves who were brought to the British settlements, was materially improved, and as they contributed so much to the happiness of the male population, and the general prosperity of the settlement, I am disposed to think, (although I detest the principles of slavery as much as any man,) that the continuance of the system here could not, under the benevolent regulations which were in force to prevent abuse, have been productive of much evil. The sort of slavery indeed which existed in the British settlements in this quarter, had nothing but the name against it; for the condition of the slaves who were brought from the adjoining countries, was always ameliorated by the change; they were well fed and clothed; the women became wives of respectable Chinese; and the men who were in the least industrious, easily emancipated themselves, and many became wealthy. Severity by masters was punished; and, in short, I do not know any race of people who were, and had every reason to be, so happy and contented as the slaves formerly, and debtors as they are now called, who came from the east coast of Sumatra and other places.

The Battas in the interior of Batubara

are of the tribe Kataran, and the principal state is Semilongan. They are cannibals, and of a peculiarly ferocious and untractable disposition; nor can they be prevailed upon to devote themselves either to agriculture or commerce, except sufficient only to keep them from absolute want and starvation.

If I had had any very serious doubts of the existence of this practice, they would have been removed here; for the fact of cannibalism prevailing to a great extent, was well substantiated. The tumungong was married to one of the rajah of Seantar's daughters, and he represents that barbarous custom as being quite common in that country.

The Batta rajahs in this quarter give a daughter to any Malay chief who can afford to lay out three hundred or four hundred dollars upon the marriage ceremonies. They usually present ten or twelve slaves, a few horses, or some buffaloes, as a marriage portion; and the Malay, when he returns down the river, realizes the amount of his outlay by the sale of a certain number of slaves, and keeps the surplus; besides perhaps having gained some privileges in being allowed to trade in certain parts of the interior, and securing the safety of his person. No wonder then that the daughters do not hang long upon their hands, as the Malays are not deficient in cunning, and have generally the right side of the bargain with the Battas.

Battubara is a free port, and the coins, weights, and measures, are the same as at the other ports. By a late regulation, however, sicca rupees, sukus, and talis, or the divisions of a dollar, are now to pass current.

The crime of murder is punishable by death, unless the offender has money enough to pay the fine, commutation, or blood money, which is four hundred and forty-four dollars and forty-four pice, which expiates the offence; if the head is wounded severely, half the above sum, or two hundred and twenty-two dollars and twenty-two pice; from the shoulder to the waist, sixty-four dollars; below the waist, thirty-two dollars. The chief of the country gets half the amount, and the person wounded obtains the other portion, or the children of the deceased, in case the father is killed. If there are no children or near relations, the whole amount is appropriated to the chief's own use. For small offences, flogging with a rattan is the punishment.

The laws of debtor and creditor are rather severe among the Battas, who, we need scarcely observe, have no insolvent act; while at Soonghal, our author relates, that—

A young lad who had accompanied us from Bulu China, and to whom I gave two dollars for conducting us, lost twenty-one dollars the evening we arrived, to one of the Battas; and in the morning he appeared with his creditor, a most ferocious-looking fellow, and requested me to pay the debt, alleging it was one of old standing; that this man was a relative of his, and was ashamed to confess that he had been gambling. Not knowing, however, the extent of his propensities in that way, and apprehensive that he might incur similar debts, I permitted him

to be bound, according to the custom of the place. If he had refused to submit to this, the creditor might have put him to death with impunity. He was removed to the house of the creditor, bound hand and foot, where he would remain till the debt was liquidated, or, if he chose, he might sell himself in order to pay it. I was informed that this lad was an incorrigible gambler; and he had no doubt been encouraged to go to such an extent, under an idea that I would relieve him.

Although Mr. Anderson's work possesses so much novelty and interest that we could dwell much longer on it, yet we shall pause for the present. We ought, however, to observe that in addition to its literary merits, it contains numerous engravings of the inhabitants, natural productions, warlike instruments, &c. of the tribes in Sumatra.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Blount's MSS. being a Selection from the Papers of a Man of the World. By the Author of Gilbert Earle. Two vols. 12mo. pp. 534. London, 1826. C. Knight.

THIS work has reached us too late in the week to enable us to do it justice in a critical notice, but we are anxious to treat our readers with some specimen of a new production from the pen of so admired and fascinating a writer as the author of Gilbert Earle. The MSS. of Mr. Blount consist of letters, descriptive narratives, and tales, all principally relating to France, written between the years 1789 and 1802, and embracing some of the most striking events of the Revolution. We shall not, however, dwell further on the work at present, but quote from the first volume a traditional tale attached to the rock called the Lurley, which, like most of the places on the Rhine, has its legend. It is entitled—

'The Nymph of the Lurley.—In days of yore, there was occasionally to be seen, upon the Lurley, at sunset, in the twilight, and by moonlight, a maiden singing. Her beauty was of the most graceful and voluptuous kind, and her voice was the sweetest sound which had ever floated over the waters of the Rhine. Perhaps, both the scene and the hour entered for something into the extreme effects produced by her song. The Lurley is situated in the most beautiful part of the most beautiful of rivers. The rocks close in upon the stream, and overhang it on each side, and hence render it more rapid and tumultuous. The hour when she appeared was always in the calm of the summer evening, or the still deeper calm of the summer night, when the moon sheds her radiance of beauty and of peace upon the gliding river, and makes its waves appear as though they were formed of living light. At such times as these, the maid would be seen upon the rock, her long golden hair floating upon the evening breeze, or fantastically braided and twined with river-flowers. And then she would breathe forth sounds of such exquisite melody—of such unmatched sweetness, and softness, and strength,—that the boatmen who were descending the Rhine, would become so enthralled in delight, as totally to forget their boat—their selves—every thing

but the music, which thus engrossed and charmed them. Hence would their boats, floating with the stream, no longer guided by their oar, become entangled among the currents and eddies which abound about this spot, and be dashed to pieces against the rocks.

'At length, so many lives were lost, through the irresistible fascinations of this syren's song, that the people in the country round began, in the simple creed of those early times, to think that she was endued with magical power; and that she exerted it to the destruction of the human race. From time to time, however, she was known to do kindnesses to the boatmen on the Rhine. She would sometimes direct the young fishermen who frequented the spot, where to cast their nets; and when they followed her directions, they were certain to make an immense draught. These fishers, who were the only persons who had ever seen the nymph closely, talked in raptures of her beauty, of her sweet voice, of her kind manner, of the real benefits which she conferred upon them. Thus it happened that, what with blame, and what with praise, the Nymph of the Lurley became the chief subject of which all persons spoke for many leagues around.

'At length her fame reached the court of the Count Palatine, and shortly was the sole topic of discussion throughout its precincts. In bower, and in hall, by knight and by lady, by baron and by squire, the Nymph of the Lurley was equally the subject of discourse. It was observed, however, that the matter was more favourite with the male than with the female courtiers. One young knight repeated what had been told to him concerning her beauty; another related the magical effects of her voice. The ladies, on the other hand, affected to disbelieve the more prominent points of these stories, and threw on them all, as much as they could, the coldness of doubt, and sneers, and utter disbelief.

'At last, however, the son of the count took up the cause of the Nymph of the Lurley,—and it is astonishing how rapidly a change was operated in the opinions of the ladies of the court concerning her. It is even said that some of the foremost among them introduced the fashion of dressing their hair with water-lilies, brought from the Rhine; which was reported to be a favourite costume with the beautiful nymph. But of this there is, I think, not sufficient evidence.

'It was not long before the young count expressed his determination to make a journey to the Lurley, for the purpose of seeing its charming occupant. Many persons, however, adopted the darker theory concerning this mysterious being, and tried to dissuade the young count from so perilous an adventure—representing her as a witch, who put on a beautiful semblance, and breathed sweet music, only to lure to their destruction all who came within the influence of her charms. But the count was in the full flush of youth;—and when was youth ever restrained by prudence, when beauty was in the case?

'He set off, therefore, on his journey, ac-

companied by a brilliant suite of youthful knights, who burned to go upon so romantic an expedition. The count made no secret of his intention of bringing the nymph away from the place which had been the scene of so many fatal mischiefs, and then judge impartially of the various stories in circulation respecting her. He embarked, therefore, upon the Rhine, in a splendidly ornamented bark,—shining with gold, and streaming with his own banner, and the gay pennons of his various followers.

'The sun had just set when they came within sight of the Lurley. A fine tint of deep rose-colour still glowed in the western sky; while in the east, the cold, clear blue of night gave distinctly to view the bright stars which shone amongst it. The boats glided rapidly with the stream,—the current of which was already become quicker in proportion as they approached the Lake of St. Goar. On the rock of the Lurley the nymph was seated, singing;—her long hair was streaming upon the wind, and she held in her hands a girdle of river-coral. As they drew near, they began to distinguish the words of her song:—

'Come, oh! come
To my wat'ry home—
The white shroud of lilies waits for thee!
The glistening wave
Is the mortal's grave—
But, oh! 'tis a sweet, sweet home to me!
I float in the cool
And deep, dark pool;
They sink in the sand of the river bed—
And their dying wail
Is lost in the gale,
Which ripples the river above their head!
'The king of the waters
Hath many daughters,
Some for the lake, and some for the sea;—
But, oh! it is mine
To watch o'er the Rhine—
The Rhine, in itself, is an ocean to me!
Its waves are as bright,
When in clear moonlight
They break, while the current onward rushes;
And the vines hang o'er
The craggy shore,
And adorn its face with their brilliant blushes!
'Oh! Father! hear me!
The barks draw near me
To take me off to the dry, dry shore!
Where the waters flow not—
And the lilies glow not—
And the bubbling spring is heard no more!
Let thy car arise—
Let these mortals' eyes
See and shrink from thy matchless power—
Rhine, rise around me!
Let thy waters bound me
From these vain sons of a mortal hour!

'It may be supposed that such a song as this would not be particularly prepossessing to the ears for which it was intended; but if any one formed such a supposition, he would be exceedingly mistaken. As in some more modern instances, the sound was so exquisite that the sense was wholly unheeded. The count and his companions were entranced: they scarcely breathed, lest the slightest particle of sound should be lost to them. The rowers, even, though composed of old boatmen, who regarded the nymph as

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an evil-doing witch, paused upon their stroke, and remained with uplifted oars, wholly enthralled by such sweet music. Nay, it is said that one of the oldest of them who had been deaf for years, regained his hearing on this occasion:—but this needs confirmation.

The boats floated towards the rock, drifting with the current. The boatmen utterly neglected to attend to their charge. At length, of a sudden, when the nymph began the last of the above stanzas, and invoked the king of the waters to show his might, the persons on board the boats were, in some degree, roused from their torpor, by the violent heaving and swelling of the river, which began to rise on all sides, as though under the impulse of a vast but invisible convulsion. There was no wind. The banners drooped along their staves, and the calm sky was unobscured by a single cloud. But the Rhine showed every mark of a violent storm, which reigned in the waters, though it in no degree extended to the air. The waves rose in tumultuous agitation—rushing and foaming as though the winds of Equinox swept over them. "It is the work of that hell-born witch!" exclaimed one of the attendants; and he levelled his cross-bow at her as he spoke. The Count called to him to stay his hand, but he was too late. The man let fly his bolt; but a huge wave reared its crest before it, and the arrow fell harmless into the water. The river rose more and more rapidly,—and at last, three enormous waves, which reached the part of the Lurley where the nymph was sitting, assumed the appearance of a glittering car, drawn by two foaming horses; though some of the spectators thought that this appearance was only the addition of fancy to a casual formation. Be this as it may, into the largest of the three waves the nymph threw herself, and as she disappeared from the astonished sight of the count and his party, they heard her exquisite voice breathing the following words:—

'I go, I go
To my home below—
'Tis sweet and fair with the river-flowers:
Coral and amber
Bedeck my chamber,
And gems shine bright in my liquid bowers.
Go, prince, in peace,
The storm shall cease;
A kind heart beats within thy breast;
But yon churlish groom
Shall meet his doom;
In the wave, to-night, shall he take his rest!
The river shall glide,
To the distant tide,
And shine as it hath always shone;
But I no more
Shall behold this shore,
I go, and am for ever gone!
But a spot so dear
Still will keep me near—
My spirit will float in this river-lake;
And strangers will come
To my Lurley-home
Ages hence, for that spirit's sake!

'There was now no longer doubt of the nature of this fascinating being. She was an ondine or water-spirit. Over these the human race have no power.

'Her parting prophecy was fulfilled in every particular. The only person who suffered from this expedition, was the man who levelled his cross-bow at her. His foot slipped as he was stepping on shore, and the wave, having once closed over him, did not lose its hold again.

'The ondine has never since been seen on the Lurley; nor has her song been heard there. But the fishermen say, that she still amuses herself by imitating and repeating their voices; and, to hear these remarkable sounds, strangers still flock to the abode of "the Nymph of the Lurley."

(To be continued in our next.)

SIR WALTER SCOTT ON THE CURRENCY.

A Third Letter to the Editor of the Edinburgh Weekly Journal, from Malachi Malagrowther, Esq. on the Proposed Change of the Currency, and other late Alterations, as they affect, or are intended to affect, the Kingdom of Scotland. 8vo. pp. 39. Edinburgh, 1826. Blackwood.

THE 'great unknown,' as some of his admirers rather irreverently call the author of *Waverley*, or the first magician of the age, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer more aptly denominated him, (though on the occasion to which the right honourable gentleman alluded the magician had shown himself no conjuror,) is determined to die with harness on his back in defence of paper-money in Scotland. His first two letters, under the signature of Malachi Malagrowther, we have noticed at some length in Nos. 355 and 356 of *The Literary Chronicle*, and in our last we gave a good-natured quiz on the gloomy forebodings and lamentations of the said Malachi by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. A third letter has since appeared, and this, we are assured, is to be the last. Though distinguished by the same playfulness, and apt choice of simile as the preceding ones, it does not so strenuously insist on English usurpation, or talk of Scotch claymores resisting British legislation; in short Malachi has gone on a different tack altogether; and, indeed, from the beginning of his knight-errantry on behalf of paper-money, he has floundered excessively.

Had Mr. Malachi Malagrowther, alias Sir Walter Scott, confined himself to a vindication of the excellence of the banking system in Scotland, and shown its beneficial effects, he might have justly deprecated all attempts at altering that system, until, on the most minute investigation, it could be shown that the proposed measures would be a sensible and even national advantage. This did not satisfy Malachi, but he launched out into a silly tirade against English oppression, founded on charges the most ridiculous, and even perverted into a crime what ought to have been deemed a compliment—the not keeping a standing army in Scotland. Then what could be in worse taste than manifesting a soreness because the corrupt revenue board of Scotland had been swept away,—yet such were the acts of injustice which the Scots were called upon to avenge by force of arms!

The third letter Malachi begins with a sort of

profession of the writer's political faith, as if he seemed to think he has lately given cause for its being called into question. Addressing himself, as before, to the editor of the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, he says—

'Dear Mr. Journalist,—This third set of Mr. Baxter's last words is rather a trial on your patience considering how much *Balaam*, (speaking technically,) I have edged out of your valuable paper; how I have trodden on the toes of your domestic intelligence, and pushed up to the wall even your political debates, until you have almost lost your honoured title of the *Edinburgh Journal* in that of *Malachi's Chronicle*.

'I returned from the meeting of inhabitants on Friday last, sir, convoked for considering this question, with much feeling of gratification from what I saw and heard; but still a little disappointed that no one appeared on the opposite side, excepting one gentleman, ("self pulling," as Captain Crowe says, "against the whole ship's crew,") whose eloquence used no other argument than by recommending implicit deference to the wisdom of ministers. I am a pretty staunch tory myself, but not up to this point of humility. I never have nor will bargain for an implicit surrender of my private judgment in a national question of this sort. I am but an unit, but of units the whole sum of society is composed. On the present question, had I been the born servant of ministers, I would have used to them the words of Cornwall's dependant, when he interferes to prevent his master from treading out Gloucester's eyes—

"I have served you ever since I have been a child,

But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold."

'Or in a yet more spirited passage in the same drama—

"—— Be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad?"

'To return to the business. By the unanimity of the meeting, I lost an opportunity of making a very smart extempore speech, which I had sate up half the night for the purpose of composing. To have so much eloquence die within me unuttered, excited feelings like those of Sancho, when, in the deserts of the Sierra Morena, his good things rotted in his gizzard. To console me, however, I found, on my return to my lodgings in the Lawn-market, my own lucubrations blazing in the goodly form of two responsible pamphlets. I seized on them as if I had never seen them before, and recited the more animated passages aloud, striding up and down a room, in which, from its dimensions, striding is not very convenient. I ended with reading aloud the motto, which I designed in the pride of my heart to prefix to my immortal twins, when, side by side, under the same comely cover, they shall travel down to posterity as a crown octavo:

"He set a bugle to his mouth,
And blew a blast sae shrill,
The trees in greenwood shook thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill."

Friend Malachi, who thus complains of wanting an opponent at the meeting, does

not proceed to answer those who have arisen both in Scotland and England, but ingeniously enough conjures up an imaginary antagonist in the person of Christopher Chrysal, 'who keeps a small hardware and miscellaneous shop, and deals occasionally in broken tea-spoons and stray sugar-tongs, dismantled lockets and necklaces, (which have passed with more or less formality from ladies to their waiting-maids,) seals, out of which valets have knocked the stones, that the setting might be rendered available, and such other small gear.' It is related of Caesar that he magnified the number of the Britons to increase his glory in having conquered them: Malachi, on the contrary, places his antagonist in a feeble position, that he may the more easily trip up his heels. One of the arguments of Chrysal is, that gold, like water, will find its level, and flow to the place where there is a demand for it; and he is made to say, that if the metallic currency affects the kelp manufactures and the fisheries, the persons formerly occupied in them may find plenty of food in America and Botany Bay. To the first argument, that gold, like water, will find its level, Malachi replies—

'A metaphor is no argument in any instance; but I think I can contrive in the present to turn my friend's own water-engine against him. Scotland, sir, is not beneath the level to which gold flows naturally. She is above that level, and she may perish for want of it ere she sees a guinea, without she, or the state for her, be at the perpetual expense of maintaining, by constant expenditure of a large per centage, that metallic currency which has a natural tendency to escape from a poor country back to a rich one. Just so, a man might die of thirst on the top of a Scottish hill, though a river or a lake lay at the base of it. Therefore, if we insist upon the favourite comparison of gold to water, we must conceive the possibility of the golden Pactolus flowing up Glencroe in an opposite direction to the natural element, which trots down from the celebrated *Rest and be Thankful*.'

If, as we admit, metaphor is no argument, so also we must observe that assertion is not proof; and we may be permitted to doubt that Scotland is too much above the level to enable her to benefit by a metallic currency; there is, however, some truth in the remarks made of the expense of conveying the precious metals, though it is not found a very serious inconvenience in other countries. He says—

'What may be the expense of purchasing in the outset, and maintaining in constant supply a million and a half of gold, I cannot pretend to calculate, but something may be guessed from the following items:—to begin, like Mrs. Glasse's recipe for dressing a hare, *first catch your hare*—first buy your gold at whatever sacrifice of loss of exchange; then add to the price a reasonable profit to those who are to advance the purchase-money—next insure your specie against water-thieves and land thieves, peril of winds, waves, and rocks, from the Mint to the wharf, from the wharf to Leith, from

Leith to Edinburgh, from Edinburgh to the most remote parts of Scotland, unprotected by police of any kind—the insurances can be no trifle; besides, that an accident or two, like the loss of the *Delight* smack the other day, with 4000*l.* of specie on board, will make a tolerably heavy addition to other bills of charges, as the expense of carriages, guards, and so forth—then add the items together, and compute the dead loss of interest upon the whole sum. The whole may be moderately calculated at an expense of more than five per cent., a charge which must ultimately be laid on the Scottish manufactures, agricultural operations, fisheries, and other public and private undertakings; many of which are not at present returning twelve or fifteen per cent. of profit at the uttermost.'

As for dwelling on a Scotchman's attachment to his native soil, and the punishment it would be to transplant him elsewhere, this is fighting with a shadow; for the exchange of a metallic with a paper currency is not likely to depopulate Scotland more than her sons voluntarily do, and had the ministers any idea of its producing the effect of destroying 'a bold peasantry, a nation's pride,' they would suffer our brethren of the north to possess the full enjoyment of the rag system, to which they so pertinaciously cling. We did not, however, set out with a view of disputing a point of political economy with Malachi, but with the intention to notice his Letter as a literary production. That it is well written, cannot be denied, and we are particularly pleased with the concluding portion of it:—

'Seasonable improvements are like the timely and regular showers, which, falling softly and silently upon the earth, when fittest to be received, awaken its powers of fertility. Hasty innovation is like the head-long hurricane, which may indeed be ultimately followed by beneficial consequences, but is, in its commencement and immediate progress, attended by terror, tumult, and distress.'

This is indeed a period when change of every kind is boldly urged and ingeniously supported, nay, finds support in its very singularity; as the wildest doctrines of enthusiasm have been often pleaded with most eloquence, and adopted with most zeal. One philosopher will convert the whole country into work-houses, just as Commodore Truncheon would have arranged each parish on the system of a man-of-war. Another class has turned the system of Ethics out of doors, and discovers on the exterior of the skull, the passions of which we used to look for the source within. One set of fanatics join to dethrone the Deity, another to set up Prince Hohenloe. The supporters of all find preachers, hearers, and zealots, and would find martyrs if persecuted. We are at such a speculative period obliged to be cautious in adopting measures which are supported only by speculative argument. Let men reason as ingeniously as they will, and we will listen to them, amused if we are not convinced. I have heard with great pleasure an ingenious person lecture on phrenology; and have been much interested in his process of reasoning. But should such a philosopher propose to saw

off or file away any of the bumps on my skull, by way of improving the moral sense, I am afraid I should demur to the motion.

'I have read, I think in Lucian, of two architects, who contended before the people at Athens which should be intrusted with the task of erecting a temple. The first made a luminous oration, showing that he was, in theory at least, master of his art, and spoke with such glibness in the hard terms of architecture, that the assembly could scarce be prevailed on to listen to his opponent, an old man of unpretending appearance. But when he obtained audience, he said in a few words, "All that this young man can talk of, I have done." The decision was unanimously in favour of experience against theory. This resembles exactly the question now tried before us.'

'Here stands Theory, a scroll in her hand, full of deep and mysterious combinations of figures, the least failure in any one of which may alter the result entirely, and which you must take on trust, for who is capable to go through and check them? There lies before you a practical system, successful for upwards of a century. The one allures with promises, as the saying goes, of untold gold,—the other appeals to the miracles already wrought in your behalf. The one shows you provinces, the wealth of which has been tripled under her management,—the other a problem which has never been practically solved. Here you have a pamphlet—there a fishing town—here the long-continued prosperity of a whole nation—and there the opinion of a professor of economics, that in such circumstances she ought not by true principles to have prospered at all. In short, good countrymen, if you are determined, like *Æsop's* dog, to snap at the shadow and lose the substance, you had never such a gratuitous opportunity of exchanging food and wealth for moonshine in the water.'

Malachi says this is his last letter—we think, however, when he sees the notice taken of him by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he will give us a few more last words. Should this be the case, we shall not fail to notice them.

The St. James's Royal Magazine, and Monthly Gazette of Fashion. No. I. Royal 8vo. London, 1826. Sherwood and Co.

SUCH is the title of a new periodical, the first number of which has just appeared. It is avowedly devoted to literature, wit, humour, and fashion, and is edited by the author of the *English Spy*, *Points of Misery*, &c.—a writer, who, under the name of Bernard Blackmantle, has, within the last half dozen years, been so much before the public, that he must be considered an old acquaintance. His new magazine is full of light and agreeable matter, such as may please a man of fashion, and even amuse some persons of a graver character. In the present number there are some sprightly articles, such as the *London Lyrics*, which, however, contains a blunder, as to the architect of the church of St. Martin in the Fields, which was built by designs from Gibbs, not from Sir Christopher Wren. There are some fine engravings in

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the work, including a portrait of the editor, who, like the metaphysical and grave Mr. Samuel Drew, editor of the Imperial Magazine, determined to put a good face, (his own,) upon the first number of his work. From an article, entitled Posthumous Papers of the late Ralph Wewitzer, we copy a couple of anecdotes:—

‘Where shall I Dine?—There is good reason to suppose that this pleasant little farce originated in a joke of Theodore Hook, who, calling in one day unexpectedly upon Matthews, said, in his usual friendly way, “I am come to dine with you, Charles.” “I am sorry you cannot,” said the facetious mimic, “for I am going out to dine.” “Then I go with you,” retorted Hook. “That you cannot,” said Matthews, “for the meeting is one of business, and therefore I am unable to introduce you.” “Good morning, Charles,” said Theodore, “I am determined to dine with somebody to-day, and therefore I shall invite myself to the first table where I see a cloth laid.” In passing down Frith Street, the tempting preparations for a dinner party struck his eye. After glancing for a moment at the delicately white cloth, and the sparkling glass and plate which decorated the board, Hook knocked at the door, and was instantly ushered into the room by the servant, supposing him to be one of the guests, at the very moment when the assembled friends were about to sit down to dinner. “Who can this be?” seemed the expression upon the anxious face of the host and hostess. Theodore bowed—the lady returned the compliment; he drew his chair near the table—the host seemed to pause; Hook hesitated, bowed to him—it was not returned.—“I beg pardon,” said the merry wag, “but really I fear I have unintentionally committed a very serious breach of good manners: is not this Greek Street?” “It is not,” was the reply. “Nor this house the residence of my friend Charles Farley?” “No.” “Then I feel bound to make every apology for this intrusion; my name is Hook, and I am —.” “The most welcome guest I could have seen,” said the cheerful host, thinking the whole a mistake; “and as you have committed a very great error, the only apology I will accept is, your staying to dine with us.”—A request with which the dramatist most readily complied; and it will not be necessary to add, to those who have ever enjoyed his pleasant society, that by his wit, whim, and good humour, he became a welcome guest at the same table ever since.’

‘The Biter Bit.—Elliston’s chicanery and Munden’s parsimony are both proverbial. In the last engagement of the comedian at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, Munden was to receive ten pounds per night for his performance; and the manager having thus secured him from engaging with the other house, seldom called upon him to enact above once a week, thus taking an unfair advantage of the terms of the agreement. It is usual, on the announcement of a royal visit to the theatre, for the manager to put up a notice in the green room, requesting the attendance of all the company to sing “God save the King.” This old Joe perceived, and, in the true spi-

rit of revenge, appeared among them on the night in question, in full dress, to assist in singing the national anthem; good humouredly observing to the manager, “You see I have obeyed your call, my boy, and put on my black silks. I could not do less for ten pounds, you know.” A sum Munden actually insisted upon receiving from the treasury for joining in the chorus to “God save the King.”

CARNE’S LETTERS FROM THE EAST.

(Concluded from p. 163.)

WE have already stated that the latter portion of Mr. Carne’s interesting Letters from the East relate to Greece, and we have also made an extract from one of them. Mr. Carne carefully avoids political questions, and, therefore, we learn little or nothing from him, as to the probable issue of the present exterminating war between the Greeks and the Turks; this we regret the more, as the accounts are so extremely contradictory, and Mr. Carne might be relied on; however, the time that has elapsed since he left Greece, would preclude him from giving any thing in the shape of news, that could really be so in respect to that subject. It is, therefore, for a description of the country and the people, and for an account of some of the earlier events in the war, that we must refer to Mr. Carne, who embarked at Cyprus for the Morea:—

‘Several Greeks had obtained a passage, on finding the vessel was to touch at Navarino. These men were going to fight for their country; one or two of them were fine young men: they all wore a long poniard concealed beneath the right arm, the point being level with the elbow joint, and the handle with the wrist. One of them had a guitar, which, though he played but rudely, proved a great resource to us afterwards.

‘But the greatest curiosity of all was Demetrio, a Slavonian, coming from pilgrimage also. He had been servant to the Armenian merchant, who died in Jerusalem. The convent took possession of his effects, and refused to pay the domestic his wages, but recommended him to another of the pilgrims, who procured him a passage in this vessel. Demetrio was a very little man, with a nose and chin as sharp as a hatchet, and his head covered by an old hat that had lost all its brim. He had a singularly solemn expression of countenance, had the reputation of being very devout, and would seat himself for hours in the stern, with his face turned towards Heaven, or cast on the waters with a mortified look, as if he despised all earthly concerns. He was sometimes very officious in serving me. It was Lent time; and, though the poor fellow was occasionally half starved, so strict was he, that he would never drink any of my tea and coffee, because an egg was used with them in lieu of milk. He would take the basin offered him, filled with this beverage, in his hand, and gaze at it with a longing eye, but it was utterly lost to him: never did it approach his lips—it was Lent time, and Demetrio would have suffered any extremity rather than touch any thing defiled with an egg. “Thank God!” he

was often heard to exclaim, “that I have seen the Holy City!”

After a stormy passage, during which, some incidents of an amusing, and others of a serious nature, occurred, Mr. Carne was landed at Rhodes, of which we are told,—

‘The country houses of the Turks are mostly without the walls of the town, situated on declivities which shelve down to the water’s edge. They are surrounded by gardens of various kinds of fruit-trees, among which there are always fountains, gushing with a luxurious and lulling sound. The houses, from their elevated site, command a delightful view of the bay, and are the favourite and constant retreats of the richer Turks. They extend for two or three miles along the sides of the hills, which rise gently from the water.

‘Much of the scenery in the interior of the island is of the most romantic kind. Wild and lonely valleys, where the rose and myrtle spring in profusion, open into the sea, and are inclosed by steep mountains on every side. The greater part of the island is uncultivated; and the number of the villages in the interior is small: pomegranate and fig-trees abound here, as well as peach-trees, but the fruit they produce is very inferior in flavour to those of Europe. The island is supposed to contain thirty thousand inhabitants, two thirds of whom are Turks, and is near forty leagues in circumference; but so small a portion of the soil is cultivated, that it scarcely raises corn sufficient for its own support: wine is the only other produce of the soil of any consequence, and of this very little is exported.

‘But Rhodes is one of the cheapest places in the world to live in. One may not be able to procure here a variety of meats; yet, such as there is, sheep, kid, fish, and poultry of various kinds, with excellent wines and fruits, cost a mere trifle. For a few hundreds a-year a stranger might live *en prince*, in this delicious island,—have his chateau amidst gardens in a retired and beautiful situation, his Arab horses, a number of servants, a climate that will probably add ten years to his life, if he will consent to live without the enervating pleasures of high society.’

From Rhodes, Mr. Carne proceeded to the Morea, landing at Navarino, then in the hands of the Greeks, but since occupied by the Egyptians. At Navarino was a young Frenchman, Prospère, who had been an officer in Bonaparte’s army, and who, with three of his countrymen and a hundred Greeks, were intrusted with the defence of the place:—

‘The senate allowed these unfortunate Frenchmen rations of wine, meat, and bread, every day, and a house to live in, but their bounty extended no farther. Their clothes were in a sad plight; in shoes and stockings they were nearly bankrupts, and could not obtain a farthing of pay to relieve their necessities.’

Mr. Carne gives a rather unfavourable character of Greek warfare, so far as relates to humanity, particularly to the capture of Navarino from the Turks:—

Navarino had been besieged nine months by the Greeks, and, during the whole of this time, no succours had been sent by the Porte. It is surrounded by a pretty strong wall, and stands on a gentle declivity, sloping into the sea. It was never very strenuously pressed, yet the Turks defended it with spirit, till their provisions were entirely consumed. They had hoped for relief to the last, and for several days had been compelled to drink sea-water. A deep pit is now to be seen near the foot of the wall, within which this unfortunate garrison had hoped to find some fresh water: they had dug at last into the solid rock, before they gave up the attempt. Reduced to utter extremity, they still made a kind of capitulation, which was very indifferently observed by the Greeks. A great many were put to the sword on the spot: the governor, who had retreated to his house, shared the same fate, with all his family; and the mansion, which was a very spacious one, was completely sacked, and at the time we visited it, was ruinous and empty. This chief begged hard for his life, but it would not avail. The next evening, the Greeks led several hundreds of the women and children to the sea-shore, below the town, and put them all to the sword, so that the waves were dyed with their blood. This account we had from the Greeks themselves; and Prospère, who landed soon after, said, this was a most piteous and cruel scene—mothers embracing their children, and young women imploring mercy—but all were speedily put out of their misery. Still more merciless than this was the conveying five hundred of the Turks to a small island, about two miles from the shore, quite desolate and uninhabited, and from which it was impossible to escape: they were all starved to death on this isle, and their bones are still to be seen there. Happily for the cause of Greece, atrocities like these have been long since laid aside; and, in the commencement of the struggle for liberty, much allowance is to be made for men, on whose minds the remembrance of the oppressions they had endured so long was still recent.

The taking of Tripolizza was marked by scenes of cruelty of a similar character. Of the costume of the Greek soldiers, we are told.—

‘The costume of these soldiers was light and graceful; a thin vest, sash, and a loose pantaloons, which fell just below the knee. The head was covered with a small and ugly cap, as the Turks never allowed them to wear a turban. They had most of them pistols and muskets, to which many added sabres or ataghans.’

Among the Europeans who volunteered in the cause of Greece was a young Englishman, from Hull, of the name of H—y; he spoke no language but his own, and his finances were very much reduced, but he was well armed:—

‘After staying a few days in Tripolizza, he joined a detachment of Greeks who were ordered to march against a body of the enemy. It was in the month of July, the weather was excessively hot, and he was on foot, as were all the Greeks; but they are admirable walk-

ers, and travel from morning till night with impunity, without complaining: the effects of which poor H— soon felt dreadfully. He was accompanied by a young French gentleman, only eighteen years of age, embarked in the same chivalric cause. The Englishman's feet soon became so miserably blistered, that he could with difficulty keep up with the rest of the troops. On the second day the Turkish cavalry, detached from the army of Courschid Pacha, came in sight: the Greeks no sooner perceived them advancing rapidly, than they began to fly to the mountains, which were not far off, calling on H— and his companion to keep up with them. But this was not in the power of the former—the state of his feet rendered it impossible; and he gradually fell so far behind, that he was soon left alone with his unfortunate companion, who would not desert him. The Turks were now at hand, and attacked them; they fought for a few moments desperately, but were quickly cut down, side by side, and, after being plundered of their arms, were left unburied on the spot where they fell. A German who belonged to this detachment, and was an eye-witness of the whole, but who had found refuge with the rest in the mountains, gave me two or three days afterwards the account of this unfortunate affair.’

Mr. Carne visited that classic spot, the plain of Mantinea:—

‘It is small and inclosed by a double amphitheatre of mountains, the furthest chain rising higher than that in the front; and appears admirably fitted for a field of battle. On the right is the eminence where the Athenian infantry were posted, and this is the only elevation in the plain: the Theban line of battle would appear to have extended directly across the plain, beginning at the foot of the mountain, near to which the pastor pointed as being the spot where, according to tradition, Epaminondas fell. The site of Mantinea is distinctly to be traced, not very far from the field of battle; the remains of the walls, which are about two miles and a half in circumference, are about two feet in height all round, and eight or ten feet thick. In winter, these ruins, as well as great part of the plain, are covered with water, and appear like a vast marsh; but at present the soil was perfectly dry, and covered with verdure. On the eminence is the ruin of a small edifice, which is possessed of little interest. Except a few cottages on the face of one of the mountains; there was not a single habitation throughout the whole scene.’

There appears to be few luxuries in Greece—little fruit, execrable wine,—almost the only animal food to be procured—mutton, and that stewed with—honey. In the capture of Tripolizza,—

‘A little Turkish boy of ten years of age, had been saved from the fate of his family by some of the Greeks, and was now treated with kindness, and suffered to walk about the streets. Every effort had been used by his captors to induce this child to be baptized, and become a Christian; but he showed a firmness surprising for his age, always resolutely refusing to abandon the faith of his fa-

thers, and, when menaced even with death if he did not consent, declaring he would rather die than become a Christian. But his captors, though they put him to the severest tests, were too humane to have recourse to the last expedient.’

When there was an alarm at Tripolizza that the Turks were approaching in great force, Bobolina, a heroine, who so much distinguished herself subsequently in the war of independence, resolved to sacrifice her sister, a young girl, eighteen years of age, to prevent her falling into the hands of the Turks; happily for both, the non-arrival of the Turks prevented so dreadful an event. To Mr. Carne's interesting letters, he adds, as an appendix, a visit to Palmyra, communicated by a friend; from this we make a short extract in conclusion:—

‘The Palmyrene women deserve the praise given to their beauty throughout the east; they are the finest looking women of all the Arab tribes of Syria; their complexion is not very dark, and many of them have the fine and florid colour of more northern climates. Their manners are not so rigid as those of some of the tribes, who would not pass the tent of a Frank without scrupulously concealing their features, even in the heart of the Desert. The Palmyrene women possess a cheerful and lively disposition; and though the veil is always worn, it does not very strictly perform its office. They are well and rather slightly made, as the life in the desert is always a foe to *embonpoint*; but their arms and hands are beautifully formed, and their features regular. Like other orientals of their sex, they die the tips of the fingers and the palms of their hands red, and wear gold rings in their ears; and the jet black dye of the hennah for the eye-lashes is never forgotten; they imagine, and perhaps with truth, that its blackness gives the eye an additional langour and interest.

‘Unlike most other Bedouins, these people never change their habitation, but remain there from year to year perfectly contented; and not without reason, as the climate is one of the healthiest in the world, and they have houses ready prepared of a better order than they are usually accustomed to. But they are not a rich tribe, having few flocks or herds, from the deficiency of pasture. The number of travellers who have visited them has been but few, and they have seldom been so well paid as by the “great lady,” some years since, whose arrival was a kind of epoch in their existence. The tax these fellows demand for the privilege of visiting the ruins is an enormous sum, but they have the power in their hands to compel payment: the fault is not wholly theirs; but it is a pity that subsequent travellers are obliged to pay for the extravagance of their predecessors.’

It is due to Mr. Carne to observe, that though his account of the Greek atrocities may seem unfavourable, yet he states that the warfare has assumed a less sanguinary character subsequently, and that it had the palliation of being the revenge of long and unmeasured oppressions. His work, perhaps, needs not this apology, for it is a honest and unvarnished narrative, which cannot fail of being

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WILLIAM

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perused with great pleasure by all classes of readers.

WILLIAMS'S TOUR THROUGH THE ISLAND OF
JAMAICA, IN 1823.
(Concluded from p. 166.)

JAMAICA seems to be an excellent country for the medical profession; the customary fee is a doubloon, (£5. 6s. 8d.) and few persons escape sickness, or what is there called a seasoning. We have already alluded to Mr. Williams's leaning towards the slave-masters, a circumstance which will not escape censure, if his work comes under the notice of a critic who is an unconditional abolitionist, but we leave this subject for an account of names in the island:—

Time, that softens all the asperities of imported nomenclature, and brings the ear at last familiar with the exotic barbarisms of remoter tongues, has so blended the once fiery designations of towns and districts in England with the dingy mass of modern language, that we mention them with indifference, if not in ignorance of their Teutonic, or Gothic, or Celtic origin and import. Time may do the same for Jamaica: future generations may imagine that the names of estates were all of one language; but if they take the pains to etymologize them, they will hardly conceive that one race of people would use appellations so little related to each other. Here we have Chantilly and Jerusalem—Tobolski and Mesopotamia—Old Shoes and Y. S.—Bull Dead, Far Enough, and Tryall; and, as may be supposed, the Negroes make a fine *hash* of some of them. The sable antiquaries who are to arise hereafter out of the fermented fragments of slavery and emancipation, will have to pick their teeth over many of these knotty compounds. The Negro patois is most ludicrously diverting, and never more so than in its version of outlandish and heathen names. Pompey and Cæsar are invulnerable; but we have Beenass for Venus—Titass and Marcess—Demosthenes is Damnastiness. I have heard a black basalt-looking Caligula called Killygilly, and a political Mr. Ross described as Pollypetition Ross. For Peacock and Crow, read Pickaxe and Crow; and by Ticky Ticky, an inquiry was made for Entick's Dictionary. Overseer, first corrupted to oberseer, is now bersheer or busha; and buckra, I fear, is derived from buccaneer. Every animal on an estate has its name. Horses, mules, oxen, and asses, all registered with as fine or finer names than the Negroes themselves. You may see Sambo Jack on Alexander mule, and the ox *Pollyhemus* switching his tail, while a two-eyed Hannibal pokes or flogs him. The dogs have appellations that remind one of Praise-God-bare-bones, or his brother. I heard a rat-catcher Negro yesterday calling his dog Sarchie, and learnt, on inquiry, that he was christened "Sunting that nebba do no Sarchie." Another was called, "If you no hold him fast, me no gib you for nyam;" the nick-name of this one was Nyam, and sometimes Nyamfast, a poetical inversion or license of the man of rats.

As the legislature of Jamaica would com-

pel Quakers to bear arms for the defence of the island, none of them venture to that island. Mr. Williams gives a description of some of the principal towns, and of Kingston, he says,—

'This town is most beautifully situated on the edge of the harbour, from which the land rises to the north, until it terminates at the Blue Mountain Peak. The streets, or rather roads, for there is no pavement, are wide and spacious, and in many places you may walk under piazzas for a length of way, although few white persons walk about the town, except in Port Royal Street, or Harbour Street, which are the general resort of men of business, being composed of stores and counting houses; a top chaise is the convenient vehicle, that is, a gig, with an awning of leather to keep off the sun's rays, which are really intolerable from mid-day to three o'clock in the afternoon. I have got one side of my face dyed purple, by standing uncovered in the sun for not more than a minute, and that at seven o'clock in the morning. As the other half is of a dead white, I am literally become a bifrons, and my appearance, already grotesque, is now burlesque. My face does not burn or give me pain, but neither vinegar and water, nor laudanum and water, nor all the drowsy syrups of the east, will medicine the red side back to the paper hue of its better half, and of the rest of my body. There is a very handsome church, and a noble parade, hotter than any other place in the island. The neighbouring country is thronged with pretty villas, which are called penms, the residences of the merchants and shopkeepers, who pass the day in their stores, and resort to them as soon as business is over. The harbour is immense, and entirely land-locked, except at the entrance by Port Royal, where there are two forts to protect it, one on the neck of the sand where Port Royal stands, the other called the Apostle's Battery, on the main land. Port Royal is now but an insignificant place; earthquakes and fires and hurricanes have brought it to this pass.'

We shall not pursue our extracts farther, than by the following description of Titchfield, and some incidents our author encountered:—

'Titchfield takes its name from the second title of the Duke of Portland, as the parish enjoys the honour of having his first. The Duke of Manchester has given his name in a similar manner to a new parish on the other side of the island. The town of Titchfield stands on a peninsula, which divides the eastern and western harbours of Port Antonio. The barracks are situated at the extreme point, and are remarkably healthy; a battalion of the 60th regiment is always here. On the north and west sides of the peninsula is Navy Island, where there was formerly a dock-yard, long since abandoned as an unhealthy spot, according to Mr. Long. It was here that the soldiers, being employed to clear the island of its wood, actually went raving mad with the fatigue while they were at work, and one or two died on the spot; so impossible is it for the inhabitants of the north of Europe to labour under the vertical sun of the tropics, at least in the plains or on

the sea-shore; at an elevation of four or five thousand feet, the ardour of the sun is not inimical nor oppressive.

'The eastern harbour of Port Antonio is secure from all but north winds; but the land-wind is not requisite to carry vessels out of it, the trade-wind being as fair for their quitting as for entering it. The western harbour, almost land-locked, is secure from every wind; but the land-breeze is indispensable to enable outward-bound ships to clear the east end of Navy Island, as there is no depth of water at the west. The eastern harbour is one of the most beautiful in the world, and sufficient to contain many hundred vessels. It is nearly round, having a belt of bright sand at its interior, which is lost as you approach the open sea, among piles of honey-combed rocks, that rise out of an almost fathomless abyss; over these the Atlantic billows seem to rave even in an ordinary sea-breeze, and mount into a cloud of foam and mist when it blows fresher than usual. Within, all is calm: the water, as transparent as the purest diamond, has an emerald tinge, from the golden sands beneath mingling their hues with the reflected blue of the sky. The land on the east is partly pasture and vines, intermixed with woods of mangrove and anchovy trees, frequented by two or three species of cranes, who feed on the salt-water crabs which abound here. On the west lies the peninsula of Titchfield; a cheerful scene, covered with cocoa-nuts, mangoes, and other trees, mingled with houses that peep from among them in all directions. On the south rises the giant of the Jamaica Andes, the Blue Mountain, swelling from the very sea-shore, with the town of Port Antonio at its base. The surface of the mountain is broken into numberless hills and ridges, all covered with forest, and showing but little signs of habitations; here and there a white spot in the landscape indicates some alpine settlement, but the whole scene, divested of the two towns, has the air of a grand and solitary wilderness. I think the harbour and the mountains on this side are even more interesting and picturesque than the view from Port Royal, and chiefly on account of the broken grounds, the minor mountains, ridges, and ravines, behind the town of Port Antonio.

'I had taken a lounge to the barracks before breakfast, and was looking at the crazy cannon at Fort George, when Sneezer came running after me, to say that Miss Diana had come down to the bay to see me, from her father's house, a few miles to leeward of the harbour; that she invited me to the old Massa Buckra's house; and finally, that she was waiting breakfast for me at my own abode.

'I hurried back to pay my compliments to this amiable creature, who has laid me under so many obligations, and found her, alas! more beautiful than ever, and as happy as health, innocence, and absence from all care, can render a pretty girl. I cannot help thinking of her probable fate, the ordinary fate of most persons in her circumstances. Youth and beauty of course attract numerous admirers, and offers of all descriptions, ex-

cept what in England are called honourable offers. A young woman of colour perhaps attaches herself to a white man for life, perhaps for a few years only. He leaves the island; the female associates with a second, a third, who all contribute to her wealth. Having successively parted with her lovers, as they return to Europe, she at last attaches herself to a man of her own colour, whom she marries, or lives with as strictly as if married, for the remainder of her days. The least tinge of African blood excludes man or woman from the society, not of white men, but of white ladies,—that is, from an equality of society; otherwise, I am persuaded, the Quadroon girls would all be well educated and well married; nay, many of the Mulattoes would find European husbands, but the pride of their own sex is the stumbling-block to their advancement; and, indeed, the case is very much the same in England, where young women of colour are not received in society except under some disadvantages, and if they have a darkish hue, (Sambo or Mulatto tint,) they are almost excluded—from the beau monde, at least. How could a black lady be received at court, at a rout, at the opera? How many of those who petition for emancipating the Negroes would associate with them on any terms? And yet nothing less can ever put an end to the *transitory* connections which their sons and nephews and cousin-germans form, have formed, and will form, with the young women of the West India islands; for it is not expected, I presume, that bishops or missionaries can clip the wings of Cupid, or extinguish his torch.

'Would Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Buxton, Mr. Smith, Mr. Stephen, or any others of the higher and zealous advocates of *Negro rights*, consent to their sons and daughters, their nephews and nieces, intermarrying with blacks? Would they and would their wives like, in their declining years, to see their domestic circles composed chiefly of blacks and Mulattoes? Let me recommend this to their serious consideration, and in charity to suspend their animadversions on the state of West India society, till they prove themselves above all the common prejudices in respect of colour, by admitting to their convivial and domestic parties blacks and browns indiscriminately with their white friends: by such conduct, at least one advantage would accrue to these gentlemen,—the question of their sincerity would be set at rest.

'As a mean of confirming his conquest and consolidating his power, Alexander of Macedon married a daughter of Darius, and persuaded one hundred of his principal officers to marry Persian ladies. The common soldiers followed the example, and thus the manners of the Greek settlers were more quickly assimilated to the Persians. This was a political stroke, and I wonder it has not been more frequently followed in modern times. Mr. Buxton may proceed on the same principle. Let him procure a number of the free black females to come over from Sierra Leone or from the West India islands, and in future admit into his brewhouse none but single men who will consent to marry

one of these sable damsels. Mr. Smith may do the same in his distilleries and other great establishments, and all the members of the African Institution to the extent of their influence. This might tend to remove the prejudices among the labouring classes against the complexion of their African brethren: the effect would of course be very gradual; but London was not built in a day, and it is to the higher classes that we must look for the greatest effect.

'Whether such condescension on the part of the petitioning ladies and gentlemen would produce this *desired effect*, is still a question; or whether it would render the objects of it happier; for *there is no misery* here among that class of females who become the companions of European gentlemen. The reader must not imagine that *any* town, sea-port, or village in Jamaica presents the afflicting spectacle of young women in the prime of life soliciting the caresses of every casual passer-by; of young women decently educated and honestly brought up, with religious notions and moral feelings, (not extinguished even by their present wretchedness,) endeavouring to inflame, by words or actions, the basest passion in the most profligate of the other sex, and prostituting themselves to gratify that passion, against their religion, their morality, their consciences, their hearts, their reason, and with feelings of horror, to earn a bit of money wherewith to purchase food to save their bodies from death,—to escape starvation, to cure diseases that are gnawing their vitals.—No; there is nothing of this sort in Jamaica;—no women, intoxicated with spirits or opium, *plying* in the highways, destroying their illegitimate children, or throwing themselves, I may say, headlong to the d—l, because they have been betrayed and deserted by some villain of quality, or some one who has acted that character. The young women here may be allowed a more exalted rank in society, but they have no addition of happiness to expect by following the steps of the fair sex on the other side of the water. As to the tales which I have read in England, of women being offered here to the guests in a house on their going to bed, I have never met with an instance of such want of decency, and never could ascertain that such a practice prevails. Among the dregs of the white society here, no doubt the most profligate manners may exist, as in other countries.—But to return to Diana; she brought me a letter from her father, saying that he would come to meet me if I would return with him to his house, and begging me to make it my home until I embarked for England: an offer I was but too happy to accept, for my wooden lodging in Titchfield was as hot as the crater of a volcano in an eruption. I had closed a shutter to exclude the sun-beams from the eastern side of my room, and the bolt literally became too hot to be handled with the naked hand. The sea-breeze at last cooled me, but this blew with such violence, that it kept the house in a continual tremor, and blew all my papers through the windows and jealousies, half across the peninsula, before I could recover them. I declined waiting for the old gentle-

man's visit, but set off with Diana as soon as the heat of the day was a little moderated, and reached his mansion about half an hour before sunset.

'I passed a funeral in my road, the corpse of a sailor, who was buried in a field by the way side, one of his comrades, (the mate perhaps,) reading the service over him; and I encountered also one of the most hideous sights I ever beheld in my life, in the person of an old Negress, stark naked, with the exception of a piece of cloth about four inches square, tied by a piece of cocoa-nut bark round her waist, which was all the sacrifice she could afford to decency. Her head was as white as snow, and though she was still erect, and not deficient in health or strength, her whole skin was a mass of wrinkles, from her shoulders to her knees, and seemed to hang almost loose about her, as if she had shrunk within it.

'This person, I found on inquiry, was a free woman, free from her birth, who had been in better circumstances fifty or sixty years ago, but having made no provision for her old age, she really has not wherewithal now to purchase clothes. Her little garden affords her yams and plantains sufficient for herself, but having nothing to sell, she is obliged to beg even the little salt which her food requires. She is supposed to be above a hundred years old.'

Whatever opinion may be entertained of the correctness of our author's views as to slavery, there can be but one, we think, as to the amusing character of his work.

The Juvenile Magazine, and Polite Miscellany. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. London, 1826. Thomas.

THIS new periodical is especially intended for the rising generation; it consists of tales, biographical memoirs, essays, reviews of juvenile works, enigmas, &c. &c. and is embellished with engravings; the tastes and dispositions of the young appear to be carefully studied in the choice of articles, and we can safely recommend the Juvenile Magazine to that numerous but interesting class of readers for whom it is particularly intended. In this work, we observe one very useful feature—'an epitome of the births, deaths, &c. of celebrated personages, and a short notice of events worthy of remembrance.'

ORIGINAL.

LORD BYRON'S VOYAGE TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Funeral Obsequies of the late King and Queen—Monument to Capt. Cook, at Owhyhee—Dreadful Shipwreck.

THE melancholy death of the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands, while on a visit to this country in 1824, is an event of too striking and melancholy a character not to be fresh in the recollection of all our readers. Though the ill-fated visitors did not live long enough to be presented to his Majesty, yet every attention was paid to their remains, and their surviving attendants were honoured with the marked attentions of Mr. Canning, the secretary of state for foreign affairs,

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who had a party, in compliment to them, at Gloucester Lodge. They also were the bearers of several presents from the King himself.

The Blonde frigate, commanded by Capt. Lord Byron, was appointed to convey the remains of the unfortunate king and queen, and their suite, to their distant but native regions, and in order that his lordship might avail himself of this opportunity of making discoveries in science, the vessel was fitted in some respects like a discovery ship, for a long voyage, a draughtsman and a naturalist being appointed to the expedition.

The Blonde sailed in the autumn of 1824, and had a fine passage out to Chili. On her arrival at Valparaiso, Mr. Charlton, consul-general of the islands in the Pacific, was sent forward to Woahoo, one of the Sandwich Islands, by Lord Byron, to announce the death of the king and queen, and the expected arrival of the Blonde, with their remains. A more civilized people than the Sandwich Islanders might have looked on such an event with suspicion, but chance, which sometimes mars the best, or makes the worst concerted schemes, was in favour of this painful intelligence.

It appears that when Tamahama the First died, certain natural phenomena occurred, such as the extraordinary overflowing and sudden recession of the tide, an eclipse of the moon, &c. and as it was remarked that similar phenomena took place a short time before the arrival of Mr. Charlton at Woahoo, the poor natives had foreboded in consequence, some calamity, which soon revealed itself in the news of the death of the king and queen. Their grief was manifest, but they bore the loss like men and Christians.

In the month of May last, the Blonde arrived at Honoruru, the port or anchorage of Woahoo, and was immediately saluted by nineteen guns from the fort. The next day, Lord Byron and all his officers had an audience of the Regent, Karaimoku, (the brother of Boki, the governor, who came to England,) at his house, at which were delivered, in the presence of all the heads of the nation, the presents sent out in the Blonde by our king. The present king of the islands is Kaukiauli, a lad about eleven years of age, brother of Rio Rio, who died in England. On the 23rd of May, (four days after the arrival of the Blonde,) at eleven a. m., the bodies of the king and queen were landed, attended by Lord Byron and all the officers of the Blonde, dressed in their full uniforms. On the arrival of the boats at the landing point, they were placed on two funeral cars, and drawn by native chiefs, (forty to each car,) to the late room of audience belonging to the Prince Regent, the tomb-house not being finished. Kaukiauli, (brother of the late king,) and the Princess Nahienaena, were the chief mourners, supported by Lord Byron and the British Consul; the numerous chiefs of the island and the officers of the Blonde formed an extensive funeral cavalcade. The Blonde continued at the island about six weeks, during which Lord Byron attended the meetings of the chiefs, who gravely deliberated respecting the succession of the young king and princess to the throne, as,

heretofore, might have constituted right. This important matter was, however, very amicably arranged, the heads of the nation and all the chiefs expressing their earnest desire to conform themselves strictly to the laws of legitimacy and of consanguinity.

The King of the Sandwich Islands, Tamahama the First, had conquered all the seven islands and brought them under one government. He sailed to Vancouver, in 1794, and died in 1819. This king made most considerable advances towards civilization; he had erected, for the defence of the island, three forts, one of which mounts forty-two pieces of ordnance; he possessed also a considerable fleet, with which he had subdued the whole group of islands, and, at the time of his death, was arranging an expedition for the conquest of Otaheite and the other Society Islands, situated at least a thousand miles from him. The simple habits and easy modes of living of the natives do not prompt to much personal exertion; they require no clothing, and their fish, which is abundant, with the tarra root, which grows spontaneously, afford them a gratuitous, constant, and plentiful subsistence. It has never, until now, been ascertained with certainty how they disposed of their dead. It appears that this duty of concealment devolves upon the next of kin, who buries the body in the middle of the night following their death, and when the flesh has been consumed, they gather up the bones, which they convey into the interior, and lodge in a cavity or cleft of the rocks; these spots are then *tabooed* or held sacred by the erection of four poles, to go within which is death. The only symptoms of anger any of the natives discovered towards the Blonde's people, was when, accidentally, one of them removed a portion of one of these depositories of the remains of mortality. The bones of the royal family in the same manner are collected in a temple or sepulchre,—the only remaining building of the former religion now on the island, and which is situated in Karakakoa Bay. The bow, arrow, slings, and clubs of the deceased kings and chief warriors are also deposited with their remains.

The Blonde proceeded from Woahoo, to visit the isle of Owhyhee, (about three days' run,) and refit there. She anchored in one of the finest bays in the world, which Vancouver was deterred from entering by a coral rock appearing to impede its entrance, but which actually forms its principal security. This bay, which is now called Byron's Bay, is a most safe position, and its rich and most beautifully varied scenery, has obtained for it the appellation of 'The Eden of the Sandwich Islands.' In the neighbourhood of this bay the island is in the highest state of fertility; but the natives are in nearly the same state as they were when Captain Cook discovered them, in 1779. An American missionary had arrived there about six months previously, whose instructions would, no doubt, advance them in civilization, as those of his brethren had the natives of Woahoo. The Blonde then returned from Byron Bay to Woahoo, and Lord Byron took leave of the king, regent, and chiefs, and fulfilled the

purpose of his visit to the islands, in the highest degree satisfactory to them and beneficial to the country. The kindness, grace, and attentions of his lordship to the natives, we are assured, have made the most favourable impression on them of the English character. The Blonde was literally laden with stock and provisions of every description, by the natives, who refused payment for any thing with which they could supply the ship. The Blonde left Woahoo for Karakakoa Bay, where Captain Cook was unfortunately killed. Here Lord Byron erected a humble simple monument to the memory of the great circumnavigator—not on the spot where he was killed, as that was found impracticable, it being under water, but where his body was cut up, on the top of a hill, about a mile from the shore.

The dagger, with which Captain Cook was killed, is in the possession of a literary gentleman of the Blonde, who has collected many new, interesting, and curious particulars relative to his death, and of the past history of these interesting islanders.

The natives of the Sandwich Islands having embraced Christianity, the regent gave permission to Lord Byron to visit the sacred sepulchre, and take therefrom whatever relics of their former religion he wished to possess. The sanctuary was filled with their various gods—the work of men's hands—some manufactured of wicker-work and feathers, others carved of wood, with numerous articles which had been made sacred, by being offered to them, in acts of gratitude, for success in fishing, hunting, and the other occupations of their simple life. But the article that most struck the visitors, as remarkable, was an English consecrated drum. The temple was despoiled of most of its former sacred treasures, which are brought to England in the Blonde. Our voyagers describe the island of Woahoo as one of the most fertile of all the Sandwich Islands, and its inhabitants, according to a late census, not perhaps taken very accurately, amounted to about forty thousand.

On the Blonde leaving the Sandwich islands, it was the intention to proceed to Otaheite, but, in consequence of the trade winds, she could not reach it by five hundred miles, and therefore made a direct course for the coast of Chili, during which she fell in with Malden's, Husbruck's, and Parry Islands, the two former uninhabited, the latter only known to the inhabitants of Otaheite, and made a wonderful run of four thousand five hundred miles in three weeks, and seven thousand six hundred and ninety-three miles in forty-nine days. The Blonde proceeded to Valparaiso, and was only six weeks running from Coquimbo, (which is in only lat. 30° S. long. 71° 18'), to St. Helena, and five weeks in her passage from Juan Fernandez to St. Helena; she traversed a distance of forty-two thousand miles in three hundred and eighteen days, or at the rate of above one hundred and thirty miles a day for upwards of ten successive months.

The Blonde left St. Helena on the 26th of January, but nothing remarkable occurred until the 7th of March, when going at the

rate of twelve knots, with a strong breeze, in lat $41^{\circ} 43' N$ and long $21^{\circ} 57' W$. a vessel to leeward, in distress, was providentially descried from the mast-head, for which the Blonde immediately bore up and boarded. She proved to be the Frances and Mary, a ship of three hundred and eighty-eight tons, John Kendall, master, of and from St John's, New Brunswick, belonging to Capt. Patterson, and consigned to Campbell and Mackie, of Liverpool, being her first voyage. She was a complete wreck and water-logged, and only kept afloat by her cargo of timber; her main-mast and main-topsail yard were the only spars standing, and all her boats were washed away. It seldom falls to our lot to have to record such unparalleled and unheard-of sufferings as those which the unfortunate beings of this melancholy and heart-rending circumstance have gone through. Two hours did not elapse from the shipping the first sea, till the whole of the crew and passengers, in all sixteen souls, were compelled to get up in the main-top, with only a few pounds of biscuit, where they remained five days; with the remainder of their scanty stock of bread, they kept themselves in existence for five days more, when, dreadful to relate, the cravings of nature, scarcely supplied in any one way for the space of ten days, compelled them to live on the corpses of their deceased fellow-sufferers, and to drink their blood, and, for the space of twenty-two days, they subsisted in this horrible manner. When they were picked up, their number was reduced to six, including two women. The more detailed particulars of this horrible shipwreck are given in the narrative of one of the survivors, in which every occurrence is related with the minuteness of an ordinary journal, a circumstance which, if the record be strictly correct, shows that the poor creatures must have preserved an extraordinary presence of mind during scenes the most afflicting.

It appears, from this narrative, which we strip of its journal-like form, and some of its technicalities, that the Frances and Mary sailed from St. John's, New Brunswick, on the 18th of January; on the 1st of February she encountered strong gales from the W. N. W., which carried away the main-topmast and main-mizenmast head. They hove to, and got the boats' sails in the main rigging, to keep the ship to the wind; at eleven o'clock at night, they shipped a heavy sea, which washed away the cabouse and jolly boat, and disabled five men. On the 5th of February, there were strong gales, with a heavy sea, which carried away the long boat, unshipped the rudder, the best bower chain, and washed a man overboard, who was afterwards saved. Every exertion was made to enable the vessel to keep to the wind, and the men were employed in getting what provision they could, by knocking the bow port out, when fifty pounds of bread and five pounds of cheese were saved, and stowed in the main-top, the master's wife and a female passenger were also got up; the vessel was lightened, and most of the people slept in the top. At day light, on the 6th, Patrick Cooney was discovered hanging by his legs to the ca-

tharpins, dead from fatigue; his body was committed to the deep. At eight o'clock in the morning, a strange sail was observed standing towards the vessel, which instantly made signals of distress; the stranger, which was an American, spoke the Frances and Mary, and remained in company twenty-four hours, but refused assistance, on the idle plea that the sea was running too high.

A tent of spare canvass was now made on the fore-castle, and the people were put on a short allowance, of a quarter of a biscuit a day. On the 3th, a brig was seen to the leeward, and, next day, the same vessel was seen to the windward; and, on the 10th, being hailed, the stranger, which proved to be an American also, inquired if it was intended to leave the wreck, and if there was any rigging; night came on, and they lost sight of each other. On the 11th, hunger was felt, the crew having received no nourishment for nine days, except the short allowance of biscuit and cheese. On the 21st and 22nd of February, John Clarke and John Wilson died; the body of the former was committed to the deep, but that of the latter was, horrible to say, cut up in quarters, washed overboard, and hung up! On the 23rd, J. Moore died; his heart and liver were eaten, and the rest thrown overboard. 'From this date to Saturday, the 5th of March,' says the narrative, 'the following number perished from hunger: Henry Davis, a Welsh boy; Alexander Kelly, seaman; John Jones, apprentice boy, nephew of the owner; Daniel Jones, seaman; John Hutchinson, seaman; and John Jones, a boy; threw the last-named overboard, his blood being bitter; also, James Frier, who was working his passage home under a promise of marriage to Ann Saunders, the female passenger, who attended on the master's wife, and who, when she heard of Frier's death, shrieked a loud yell, then snatching a cup from Clerk, (mate,) cut her late intended husband's throat, and drank his blood, insisting that she had the greatest right to it—a scuffle ensued, and the heroine, (the words of the narrator,) got the better of her adversary, and then allowed him to drink one cup to her two.'

During this period, an English brig hove in sight, and, it is intimated, might have saved the wretched sufferers; as, however, British seamen are as humane to those in misfortune as they are brave in battle, we suspect relief was impracticable. The sequel we give in the words of the narrative:—

'March 7: his Majesty's ship Blonde came in sight, and to our relief, in lat $44. 43. N$. long $21. 57. W$.—Words are quite inadequate to express our feelings, as well as those which Lord Byron and our deliverers most evidently possessed, when they found they had come to rescue six of their fellow-creatures, (two of them females,) from a most awful, lingering, but certain death. It came on to blow during the night a fresh gale, which would, no doubt, have swept us all overboard.—Lieut. Gambier came in the ship's cutter, to bring us from the wreck—he observed to us, "you have yet, I perceive, fresh meat," to which we were compelled to

reply—"No, sir,—it is part of a man, one of our unfortunate crew!—it was our intention to put ourselves on an allowance even of this food, this evening, had not you come to our relief." The master's wife, who underwent all the most horrid sufferings which the human understanding can imagine, bore them much better than could possibly have been expected. She is now, although much emaciated, a respectable good-looking woman—about twenty-five years of age, and the mother of a boy seven years of age. But what must have been the extremity of want to which she was driven, when she ate the brains of one of the apprentices, saying it was the most delicious thing she ever tasted! and it is still more melancholy to relate, the person whose brains she thus was forced by hunger to eat, had been three times wrecked before, but was providentially picked up by a vessel, after being two-and-twenty days on the wreck water-logged: but, in the present instance, he perished, having survived similar sufferings for a space of twenty-nine days, and then became food for his shipmates! Ann Saunders, the other female, had more strength in her calamity than most of the men; she performed the duty of cutting up and cleaning the dead bodies, keeping two knives in her monkey jacket; and when the breath was announced to have flown, she would sharpen her knives, bleed the deceased in the neck, drink his blood, and cut him up as usual. From want of water, those who perished drank their own urine and salt water; they became foolish; crawling upon their hands round the deck, (when they could,) and died generally raving mad.'

Making every allowance for the feelings of hunger, there is something so revolting in the conduct of this Ann Saunders, that we can scarcely credit it.

The Blonde, which was the happy instrument of finishing its interesting voyage, by an act of humanity, arrived at Portsmouth, on the 11th inst., and, before the six surviving sufferers in the wreck, (who are all likely to recover,) had been landed, Lord Byron and the officers subscribed £100 for them, and another £100 was promptly furnished by the ship's company.

MILITARY PUNISHMENTS.

In the course of a debate in the House of Commons, on Friday evening, the 10th inst. on the subject of flogging in the army, Sir George Murray gave the house some information on the nature of military punishments in the continental armies.

It appears that in Russia the punishment of the cane is bestowed in the most arbitrary manner. In Prussia the armies are divided into classes. The soldier, when he enters the service, belongs to the first class of the army, and in this class he is exempted from corporal punishment. If those punishments less than corporal be insufficient to check crimes, he is then transferred to the second class, in which he becomes liable to corporal punishments. The transfer is not attended by corporal punishment at the time the transfer takes place. The punishment of the cane is inflicted on non-commissioned

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officers, and not flogging. This is a private punishment, which is more severe than when openly inflicted. With respect to the extent of this punishment, forty strokes or stripes are inflicted, without the sentence of a regimental court martial. The first punishment is confinement to their barracks, in solitary confinement on bread and water, on a forfeiture of pay. This description of punishment takes place in a dark room, where the soldier cannot lie down. But the second degree is also forfeiture of pay, and the man is placed with his face towards a wall, and is unable to sit or lie down, and this is continued for a given number of hours!

In the Saxon armies, the highest punishment is shooting; but in many cases, after death, the body is delivered over to the common hangman to be stretched upon the rack. The second species of punishment is confinement in irons—it consists of iron chains, of thirty-two pounds weight—the men are confined in a fortress, not allowed to shave, and kept on bread and water. They are employed in the most severe work, and are rendered unworthy to return into the ranks of the army. This is the second punishment. Another class of punishment is solitary confinement in chains. This consists in confinement in a dark cell, without a bed. The criminal is chained to a wall, on the ground, and the severity of the infliction consists in the hands and feet being fastened together, so that the body always remains in a recumbent posture. The duration of this punishment lasts, first for eight months, and secondly for six.

In Hanover, the military punishments were with the cane, and were inflicted without a court martial; but when the Duke of Cambridge went as governor to that country, he abolished the arbitrary punishment of the cane, and introduced the English system, as more humane. Since the modification has been introduced, punishment can only be inflicted by a court martial, and the number of lashes is not to exceed three hundred. The criminals must be first tried by a regimental court martial.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET: GORMIRE LAKE, YORKSHIRE.

Where oft young Poesy
Star'd wildly eager in my noontide dream.
COLERIDGE.

LIKE! once again I cross thy furzy sides;
And glance upon the gleaming of thy face,
Whereon the clouds their golden outline
trace;
Thy sable water, which a village hides*.

* It is related by the villagers adjacent, that on the site of this lake stood several houses, which were engulfed by an earthquake; and they still further assert that the tops of houses and chimneys have been perceived from its surface! With all due deference to their credulity, certain it is, that the surrounding cliffs were agitated and broken at the same time which sealed the fate of Lisbon; but the lake existed prior to this, and, apparently, should the rock again be moved, will receive it into its bosom.

Sure fabled fairies here their revels keep;
It seems a place where mortals ne'er intrude,
To break the sweet and silent solitude
That reigns around this calm and dormant deep.

Oh! I could sit upon that rural seat,
And look for ever on yon kingly rock,
Broke by the earthquake's devastating shock,
The fragments scattered at his lowly feet.
Region, where Poesy her bower has made,
My heart sojourns within thy sylvan shade.
Lambeth, Dec. 14th, 1825. * * H.

THE BACCHANAL'S ADDRESS TO HIS WINE CUP.

O! welcome, my wine-cup! so full and so fair,
As hope to my heart in the gloom of despair!
Thou art welcome in gladness—thrice welcome
in grief,

The one giving rapture—the other relief!
When woe damps my bosom and darkens my
brow,

Then thy kindness and constancy truly I know,
For thy heart's blood thou pourest for my pleasure;
then, oh!

My wine-cup, can I fail to love thee? Ah! no.
The blush of young beauty may amorous
swains please,

But I am not taken with trifles like these;
The still-deeper blush of the wine-treasured
bowl,

A dearer delight can convey to my soul.

Yes! to me is a bumper's brim sweeter to kiss
Than the lip of the loveliest madam or miss;
Then welcome, my wine-cup, thrice welcome
thou art,

To drive away dullness from head and from
heart!

Whate'er thou art made of—of glass or of gold,
I heed not, if that the deep draught thou canst
hold;

O! I heed not the shade—O! I heed not the
shape,

But the deeper draught, the more grateful the
grape.

Then, thou sweetener of pleasure—thou soother
of pain!

Thou art welcome, my wine-cup, again and
again!

And through earth, e'en to ether, Heaven grant
it may be,

That thou, oh! my wine-cup, accompany me!
IMLAH.

FINE ARTS.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS' THIRD EXHIBITION.

On Thursday, the Suffolk Street Gallery was opened to a private view, previous to the public exhibition next Monday, and having availed ourselves of the opportunity to visit it, (malgré a soaking wet day,) we are enabled most conscientiously to report well of it, and sincerely to congratulate the artists who have contributed to this collection, and the public, who will be gratified by it. In every respect it is greatly superior to the exhibitions which have preceded it, not only in regard to that which it possesses, but that which it loses, there being not a single Brogdignagian portrait on the walls—the sons of the giants are all extinct, and the daughters of men may gaze with safety on the walls.

Northcoté, Richter, Martin, and Landseer, have sent pictures of great merit, and every member of the society has, in his respective department, furnished specimens of su-

perior character, more especially in landscape and still life. In portraiture the pictures are less numerous but more effective, and are, as in their first season, greatly assisted by Lonsdale, who offers to our contemplation his last subject—the poet Campbell, on whom every eye will gaze with pleasure; the late engraver Sharpe, and Baron Wood—acknowledged as masterly works. There are others of great promise by Mr. Frederick Meyer, (son of the clever engraver,) and several more, which it is impossible to notice on our first visit, which is inevitably a bewildering one, especially on a day when the influences of the weather were displayed so malignly.

The remembrance of Richter's Widow will, most probably, lead the steps of most visitors to his pictures. The first (No. 13) the Dedication, is an improvement on a drawing of that name, exhibited by the Water Colour Society. The Poet, with his 'eye in a fire phrenzy rolling,' while his 'horrent hair,' shoeless feet, tossing arms, wild, ugly, but enraptured features, all bespeak the inspiration of the moment, is placed at a miserable desk, in a miserable garret, writing a dedication to his patron, and is at this very moment blessed with a thought, that cannot fail to fill his pocket and immortalize his name. If the painter intended to be satirical, 'as is his wont,' he has in the sordid apparel, the long projecting toe-nail, the fleshless form, bespeaking the atrophy of poverty, and the adjuncts of a dwelling unvisited by rump steaks and porter, uncheered by fire or blankets, taught us to exclaim—

'Ah! who would love the muse?'

But on looking again into that joyous countenance—those transported features—that superhuman delight, which 'can lap even squalid wretchedness into elysium,' we are ready to acknowledge that the minstrel's power is above all price, and himself the creature of a higher element. The other is entitled Annette and Lubin, but has no claims whatever to affinity with the story of Marmontel. It is one of those half ludicrous, half pitiable scenes presented in a rustic wedding, when a distressed girl, who has loved, 'not wisely, but too well,' seeks the tardy justice of an unwilling bridegroom, at the hands of the parish officers. The girl kneels before the altar, anxious to become a wife, since she will soon be a mother, and casting behind her a fearful look of intreaty, whilst the handsome rustic seducer is dragged forward by one, persuaded by another, and jeered at by a third, so that we know not whether he will yield or not;—opposite, the clerk is placing a cushion on which for him to kneel, laughing as he does it, and the officiating clergyman, with the prayer-book in his hand, has his countenance also clothed in broad grins. The whole piece is conceived, drawn, and coloured, with even more than the talent of Hogarth—but it is not in his taste, for he painted lessons of morality; and from this scene the heart turns, sickened with disgust, and blushes for the smile such transcendent talent has elicited, in despite of better feelings.

On this subject we have long since given our opinion, we know that a painter's object

is his picture: his groupings, lights, shadows, effect, &c. are every thing to him, and having composed a scene to which his fancy has been probably directed by chance, the good or evil of its tendency never strikes him. This is a great pity, especially when so much good is in the painter's power—but we have no time to convince him of his own value at present.

Martin's picture is a fine composition, being the meeting of Manfred with the Spirit of the Alps, in which we have a right to blend nature and magic, as we like to form poetry for the eye and the mind. Northcote's history is admirable; and his boy in a study, surrounded by portraits, is a most delightful picture. Landseer is always excellent.

The members of the society alone would have produced a great treat; the president, Mr. Glover, offers as usual abundance, and much that is excellent. A large landscape by him, of Valley-Crucis Abbey, with cows laving in the stream, a distant view of the ruins and glimpses of sun-light on the trees, occupies the place at one end of the room, formerly filled by Martin's Plague; and at the opposite end is a most splendid picture, by Linton, of a Grecian triumph, in the midst of temples, colonnades, &c. The lines written by Neele for this picture are so exquisite that we must quote them:—

‘From the blue waters to the deep blue skies,
Earth-bas'd, sky-capp'd, those stately structures
rise,
And soar so proudly tow'rd's th' empyrean air,
It seems as Beauty's Queen had fix'd them
there,
To mark the spot o'er which her doves had
driv'n,
When from the ocean's breast she soar'd to
heav'n.
The exulting warriors, as their swift keels glide
Proudly triumphant o'er the heaving tide,
Eye with delight their much-loved, long-sought
home,
The stately column and the swelling dome;
The Parian pillar, whose too radiant charms
The soft pine shadows with her dusky arms;
The reverend fane, of structure so divine
That the god owns less worship than the shrine;
And the long terraces and swarming shore,
Where myriads wait to bless the brave once
more;
And they the sacred tunic who assume,
Lead the devoted heifer to its doom.’

Although Hofland's landscapes are smaller than these, yet they arrest every eye, from the truth of their colouring, the purity of their light, and that peculiar and indefinable charm which combines, in this artist, the simple detail of topographical delineation, with the higher beauties of poetic conception. He has two Views of Sheffield, which justify this remark strongly: that his Views of the Lakes should please us, appears natural, but the talent of rendering scenes delightful, of inferior character, bespeaks his power.

Stanfield has provided three very fine pictures; that of Cologne is exquisitely beautiful. It is singular that as he is the best of all painters of the exterior of churches, Roberts, whose name is continually associated with his, should be beyond competition for the interiors; his view of a Church in Paris, dur-

ing high mass, and his Rue du Change at Rouen, are pictures of the most striking merit.

Wilson's Coast Scenes will delight every person who has been accustomed to wander on the sea-shore, and watch those vessels of various descriptions, ‘which walk the waters like things of life;’—he is unquestionably most admirable in this line, but great also in others. Cartwright's Burning of the Orient is a splendid picture, as faithful, we believe, in its detail, as sublime in its effects. We were extremely pleased with Miss Gouldsmith's Landscapes, but grieve to say, we did not pay due attention to Naysmith's, but there were many excellent things of course unseen by us. Noble, too, has some pretty landscapes, and he is rapidly improving.

We saw a noble picture of Stevens's Game ticketed, ‘Sold,’ during our stay; it is partly a repetition of one last year, which we recollect to have been much admired. Mr. Blake, as usual, has some very fine game; and Mr. E. Bradley, several of very great merit—the largest, consisting of game, a cabbage, onions, &c. we thought unequalled; we were likewise charmed with some flowers, by Barney, saw several pleasing scenes by the Hilditches, some excellent Horses by Turner, but whatever of good, by which we were then delighted, remains unnamed, must be omitted for the present, since our time has expired, and the *devil* has long stood waiting, (not for us,) but our copy.

We again congratulate the public and the artists on the excellence of this exhibition. Those who contribute to it have only to continue with the ardour they have displayed, and they will do much for the advancement of English art. We have more than once stated that the Suffolk Street Gallery is not a rival of the Royal Society—on the contrary, it is a younger sister of a common parent, and no true lover of the fine arts, who patronizes the one, can consistently neglect the other. Jealousies of this sort are unworthy of great minds, and we are confident, that the stimulus to exertion, which the Society of British Artists excites, must not only ultimately improve the Royal Academy, but do much—incalculably much, for the advancement of the fine arts.

THE KING OF WIRTEMBERG'S VILLA.

On an eminence, at Rosenstein, commanding a delightful view of the Neckar, and the Swabian mountains in the distance, a palace is now erecting for the King of Wirtemberg. The site is one of the most picturesque that can well be imagined, and the building, which is intended for a summer residence, will be in a chaste and elegant style of architecture. Each of the principal façades has an hexastyle Ionic portico, after the temple on the Ilyssus. The pavilions or wings at the angles, will also have a lesser portico, with four columns, of the Tuscan order, which the architect has adopted in preference to the Doric, imagining that the entablature of the latter would render that of the principal order somewhat too plain by comparison. He has taken Palladio's example of the Tuscan for his model, as to its general propor-

tions, but has given a greater richness of character to its capital, in order that it may harmonize better with the rest of the façade. The general plan of the structure is a parallelogram of two hundred and sixty feet, (German,) by one hundred and sixty, with two courts, in each of which is a fountain, where the water falls into a circular basin. The grand vestibule, which occupies the entire height of the building, is decorated with colonades, of the Ionic order, after the temple of Ceres, at Eleusis, and has a vaulted roof and dome. This hall leads to the saloon, which has likewise columns of the same order; and this apartment commands a beautiful prospect of the river, and the delightful scenery on its banks. All the details and ornamental parts of the building are executed in the most beautiful and finished manner. In the pediments of the porticos, and in panels in the attic that conceals the roof of the wings, it is intended to introduce reliefs of cast iron, coloured to resemble bronze. M. Salucci, the architect, has shown great skill and taste, both in the arrangement and decoration of this edifice, which, when completed, will be one of the most elegant royal villas in Europe.

NATIONAL GALLERY.—IMPROVEMENTS IN THE METROPOLIS.

A FEW years ago, we should as soon have expected to find the House of Commons engaged in solving the problems of Euclid, as in discussions on the fine arts, or on our national architecture, yet now, when peace enables us to beat our swords into ploughshares, and our spears into pruning-hooks, scarcely a session passes, without ministers bringing forward some plan for improving the metropolis with magnificent streets and buildings, or for enriching it with the treasures of art, from other countries. The present week has furnished two new instances of this sort.

On Tuesday evening, in the House of Commons, Mr. Arthbutnot brought in a bill for improving that part of London which lies between the King's Mews and Bedford Street in the Strand, and thus making a better communication between the east and west ends of the town. On this site, which Parliament will empower government to purchase, it is intended to erect a large and splendid quadrangle, the west side of which will be formed by the College of Physicians, and the Union Club House; the east side is to harmonize with the grand portico of St. Martin's Church, and on the northern side, a new line of building will be erected; by this means, a full view of St. Martin's Church will be afforded from Pall Mall.

In this quadrangle, it is intended the National Gallery for Paintings shall be built; and it was also in contemplation that the Royal Academy should be in the centre of the quadrangle, but it is now, we believe, thought preferable, that the square should be left open; it is, however, more than probable, that the Royal Academy will be in one of the new buildings.

The quadrangle will, of course, be open to

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Parliament Street and Whitehall, and it will be five hundred feet in length from east to west, and an equal distance from the statue at Charing Cross to the north side of the quadrangle.

Another part of the plan is to widen the Strand from Charing Cross to Bedford Street, from thirty-five to sixty-one feet; and Bedford Street is to be made of the same width. It is also proposed that an additional carriage way shall be formed across the upper part of the great quadrangle, into a street, to be formed on the south side of St. Martin's church, and which is intended to run into the Strand. There will also be another street by Hemming's Row, which will wind into the Strand, through Chandos and Bedford Streets. Thus there will be three carriage entrances from the western parts of the metropolis into the Strand. That from Leicester-square, by Hemming's Row and Chandos Street, falling in near Bedford Street, that by the south-west side of St. Martin's Church, and that along the widened end of the Strand itself. This will not only produce a great benefit to the metropolis in the way of free communication from one end to the other, but will also have the advantage of getting rid of a vast number of bad and unsightly houses, which are at present crowded together in the vicinity of St. Martin's Church; it will also add very considerably to the beauty of that part of the metropolis.

On Wednesday evening, the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed a grant of £9,000 which had been expended in the purchase of three first-rate pictures which are to be added to the National Gallery of pictures. The first picture by Poussin, the second by Annibal Carracci, and the third by Titian. The picture by A. Caracci is in the very best stile of that master, and for composition, expression, and colouring, excelled by none of his works. That of Titian, is a painting which has been in the country some time, and is, therefore, generally known to all amateurs—it is Bacchus and Ariadne. This picture, as well as the third, are of the very first description of painting; an eminent judge repeatedly advised the late Mr. Angerstein to give £5,000 for the Titian alone; but, for some reason or other, that gentleman omitted to purchase it. The three have been purchased by government, and are now placed in the National Gallery, where they are open to the inspection of the public.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE'S CENOTAPH.

THIS national tribute to the memory of a beloved princess, for which about fifteen thousand pounds were subscribed, at a guinea each person, was executed by Mr. Matthew Wyatt, who has also had the charge of fitting up a place for its reception, in the chapel of St. George, at Windsor. One would have thought that a place more accessible to the public, and particularly to the subscribers, would have been selected, but it is due to Mr. Wyatt to say, that the choice did not rest with him, and that the monument had been completed long before he could obtain a decision as to where it was to be placed.

The cenotaph is placed in a beautiful little chapel, at the north-west angle of the nave. This spot is called Urswick's Chapel, after Sir Christopher Urswick, Dean of Windsor, in the time of Henry VII. 'The stone screen,' says *The Windsor Express*, 'has been removed to the south side, and a railing substituted. The roof has been embellished with blazonry and painted glass, executed with great brilliancy by Mr. Wyatt, introduced into the windows. The effect is particularly rich, and though somewhat approaching to garishness, these ornaments rather increase by contrast the effect of the pallid marble.'

The cenotaph has already been described in *The Literary Chronicle*, but it is so long ago, that we may be excused quoting the following account of it from the same paper:—

'The design of the cenotaph is to represent the moment at which the spirit of the departed princess has fled from the body. On a bier lies shrouded an indistinct figure, whose hand drops lifeless on the side. There is a painful reality about this object, which exhibits a great triumph of art, but to our minds might have been better left to the imagination. At each corner of the bier four female figures are in various attitudes of the deepest grief. The faces of each are concealed; but the various attitudes of the mourners are singularly expressive. Behind the bier appears a dark chasm: emerging as it were from this dreary depth, and floating above the bier, is a full-length figure of the departed princess ascending to the skies. This is unquestionably a most admirable and beautiful representation, seldom exceeded in modern or ancient art. The likeness is perfect, and the expression is quite seraphic. Upon the whole, the cenotaph is a work of art worthy of the public feeling in which it originated, and of the sculptor, by whose talent it has been perfected. It is, at the same time, a most appropriate addition to a building, whose graceful and splendid architecture, and national associations, render it one of the most interesting edifices of our country.'

Notwithstanding this eulogy on the monument, and the praise it has received in our own and other journals, there is much good sense in the following remarks on the subject. Of the correctness of the observation as to the window, we know nothing, not having seen the cenotaph in its present situation. The critique is in a letter to the Editor of the Representative:—

'Sir,—You have inserted a description of the Cenotaph erected in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, in honour of the Princess Charlotte. In the praise bestowed on the principal figure, the representation of the princess rising upwards in the air, I heartily concur; it is a noble statue, and the likeness is as perfect as the attitude is graceful; but who can defend the absurdity of having two full-length substantial human figures of the same person, the one intended for the soul and the other for the body,—but equally large, equally palpable to the sense,—in the same piece of sculpture? It appears to me

that this conception is not only false in itself, but deplorably offensive in every possible point of view; and I say so with the more readiness that I really do not know the name of the artist. There is some poverty also in the notion of the four subordinate figures, all emblematical, all weeping, all kneeling. A solitary mourner bending over an empty bier would have been infinitely more impressive. I must confess, moreover, that the effect of the stained glass in the windows of the recess does not at all please my eye. The various tinges of glass painted in the old style, fall with admirable effect on marble, as on every thing else; but a window stained all over with uniform bright yellow, only makes the statues, to which its light is transmitted, appear as if they were half marble, half gilding, and the consequence is a tawdry and decidedly artificial kind of effect, entirely out of keeping with the solemnity of a place of regal tombs: so at least thinks, in all humility, F. R. S.'

The Eve so generally admired by connoisseurs and men of taste, which was executed in marble, a few years ago, by E. H. Baily, R. A. not having been purchased by any nobleman or gentleman, was on the point of being sent out of the country. Fortunately, however, the fact became known to the members of the Literary and Philosophical Institution of Bristol, (his native city,) and they subscribed among themselves the sum of 600 guineas, and bought it for that institution, where it will be placed as a mark of respect for his great talent and genius as a sculptor.

We understand that Earl St. Vincent's statue, which is to be placed in St. Paul's by order of government, is in a state of forwardness: also several other pieces of sculpture, which are now executing by that eminent artist, such as a mythological group, a marble bust of Byron, and one of the veteran Stothard, R. A., &c. &c.

The collection of pictures generously presented to the public by Sir G. Beaumont, are at present in Pall Mall. A few of them, the productions of eminent continental artists, are already hung up for exhibition. They are to remain there until the completion of the National Gallery, when, with the admirable collection of Mr. Angerstein, they will be removed, to form the appropriate and creditable commencement of a truly National Picture Gallery.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

THE late Mr. Sharp commenced a line engraving of Dr. Edward Jenner, from a painting by Mr. Hobday, as a companion to his celebrated portrait of Dr. John Hunter. After Mr. Sharp's decease, this plate was placed in the hands of Mr. Shelton, by whom it has been completed.

Mr. Ackermann has in readiness, for publication, a portrait of Sir Humphry Davy, the distinguished president of the Royal Society, engraved by Worthington, in the line manner, from a painting by Lonsdale.

Mr. Canel, bookseller, Paris, has announced his intention of publishing a collec-

tion of engravings, from the full-length portraits of celebrated personages of the present times, painted by Gerrard, first painter to the King of France. This eminent artist will himself superintend the execution of the plates. The work will consist of not more than fourteen, nor fewer than twelve parts, 4to. each containing six portraits.

Roman Antiquities.—Letters from Rome say, that Messrs. Sabastino del Mato and F. Capransi, dealers in antiquities, having undertaken some excavations, thirty-four miles from Rome, on its via Salaria, had fortunately discovered some statues of the muses, much resembling those found at the close of the eighteenth century, in the Tiburtine territory. They are Melpomene, (the head of which was found last year,) Polihymnia Erato, and, it is thought, Calliope. Among them was a superb semi-colossal head, supposed to be that of Sappho, well deserving to be in such company. Two other statues were found, but it is not agreed what they represent: one may be Urania. Great hopes are entertained of finding the remaining daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne.

Casimir Delavigne, the poet, and his brother, Germain, have prudently concluded, before their journey to Italy, an agreement, with Ladvoat the bookseller, for 12,000 francs, (500*l.*) as the price of some Travels in Italy, which it seems they intend to write.

M. Moul, owner of the marble quarries in the island of Elba, among which there is one that affords a kind of marble like that of Paros, has offered forty-eight pillars from it as a free gift towards the repair of the church of St. Paul's, at Rome; the papal government, has, of course, gratefully accepted the offer.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Mr. B., a merchant, not remarkable for mixing up his devotion with affairs of trade, lately called upon Mr. G., a saintly tradesman, for the settlement of an account. 'Dear me, sir,' said G. 'you flurried me so much that I beg you will allow me to compose myself a little by prayer.' 'O!' said B., very unceremoniously, 'I hate cant and long prayers; if you do pray, pray that every body may get twenty shillings in the pound.' 'Ah!' replied G., 'if I pray till then, my prayers must be longer than ever.'

A Modest Request.—In 1559, a quantity of pepper, having been taken in a Spanish carrack, was purchased from the queen at a good price, by certain exclusive dealers in that article. The grocers, however, endeavoured to undersell the pepperers, (i. e. venders of pepper,) by making other importations of their own, which caused the latter to petition her majesty, that no pepper might be imported for three years, which would enable them to keep their engagements with her majesty; and to induce her to do so, they promised not to raise the price of pepper above 3*s.* in the pound.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	6 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Mar. 17	35	45	34	30 40	Cloudy.
.... 18	33	47	37	.. 12	Fair.
.... 19	42	44	38	29 92	Hail.
.... 20	43	46	38	.. 99	Showers.
.... 21	38	46	38	30 03	Cloudy.
.... 22	37	41	38	29 83	Do.
.... 23	38	36	34	.. 60	Rain & snow

Works just published.—Blount's Manuscript, 2 vols 14*s.*—Beasley's Geography, 3*s.*—Fancy's Sketch, 3*s.*—Davison's Poetical Rhapsody, 2 vols. crown 8vo. 21*s.*—Vincent Bourne's Works, crown 8vo. 9*s.*—Parliamentary Abstracts for 1825, 30*s.*—Memoirs of Astronomical Society, vol. 2, part 1, 30*s.*—Barclay's Present State of the West Indies, 14*s.*—Recollections of a Pedestrian, 3 vols. 27*s.*—Transactions of the Medical and Physical Society of Calcutta, vol. 1, 15*s.*—Lushington's History of Religious Institutions, Calcutta, 14*s.*—Carrington's Dartmoor, royal 8vo. 12*s.*—Mrs. Margaret Dods's, (of the Cleikum Inn, St. Roman,) Cook and Housewife's Manual, 12mo. 7*s.*—Johnston's Elements of Arithmetic, 18mo. 2*s.*

THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS, in SUFFOLK STREET, PALM-MALL EAST, WILL OPEN to the PUBLIC on MONDAY next, March 27. Admission, 1*s.*—Catalogue, 1*s.* T. C. HOFLAND, Secretary.

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handsonely,
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